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ANNEX

2

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MERY-TRICKS.

Thy filthy face betrayes vs, for all men know,
 Thy nose stands compasse like a bow,
 VVhich is three quarters drawne, thy head
 Which is with greasy haire ore-spred,
 And being vncurl'd and black as cole,
 Doth show some scullion in a hole
 Begot thee on a Gipsie, or
 Thy mother was some Colliers whore:
 My rampant tricks you rogue, thou't be descide
 Before our plot be ended. W.S. What should descry him,
 Vnlesse it be his nose? and as for that;
 Thou maist protest a was thy fathers butler,
 And for thy loue is likewise runne away,
 Nay sweet Liestenant now forbear to puffe,
 And let the brissels of thy beard grow down-ward,
 Reuerence my Punke and Pandarize a little,
 Ther's many of thy ranke that doe profess it,
 Yet hold it no disparagment. Bea. I shall doe,
 VVhat fits an honest man. W.S. VVhy thats enough,
 Foote my Father, and the goose my brother,
 Back you two. Bea. Back. W.S. Retire sweet Leutenant,
 And come not on, till I shall waue you on.
 S.O. Is not that he. T.S. Tis he. S.O. But wheres the wench.
 W.S. It shalbe so, Ile cheate him thats flat.
 S.O. You are well met, know yee me good sir,
 Belike you thinke I haue no eyes, no eares,
 No nose to smell, and winde out all your tricks,
 Yhaue stole sir *Somerfields* heire, nay we can finde,
 Your wildest paths, your turnings and returnes,
 Your traces, squats, the muffers, formes and holes,
 You yongmen vse, if once our sagest wits
 Be set a hunting, are you now crept forth,
 Haue you hid your head within a suburbe hole
 All this while, and are you now crept forth?
 W.S. 'Tis a starke lye. S.O. How? W.S. who told you so
 Foote, a Gentleman cannot leaue the Citty (did lye,
 And keepe the suburbs to take a little Phisick,
 But strait some slaue will say he hides his head;
 I hide my head within a suburbe hole,

MERTY-TRICKS.

Thy filthy face betrayes vs, for all men know,
 Thy nose stands compasse like a bow,
 VVhich is three quarters drawne, thy head
 Which is with greasy haire ore-spred,
 And being vncurl'd and black as cole,
 Doth show some scullion in a hole
 Begot thee on a Gipsie, or
 Thy mother was some Colliers whore :
 My rampant tricks you rogue, thou'lt be descride
 Before our plot be ended. W.S. What should descry him,
 Vnlesse it be his nose ? and as for that ;
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 And for thy lone is likewise runne away,
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 I hide my head within a suburbe hole,

7/15/14

A.281001

Ram-Alley or Merry Tricks

[by LO. BARRY]

1611

This play is reproduced from an original copy of the earliest known edition of 1611 now in the British Museum. That copy, however, is imperfect, wanting two leaves, B2 and B3. These four pages have been supplied from the Dyce copy at South Kensington.

For all that is known of Barry and this his only known play, students may consult the D.N.B.

This reproduction from the original is satisfactory having regard to its condition.

JOHN S. FARMER.

RAM-ALLEY:

Or

Merrie-Trickes.

A COMEDY

Diuers times here-to-fore acted.

By

the Children

of

the Kings Reuels.

Written by *Lo: Barrey.*

AT LONDON.

Printed by *G. Eld*, for *Robert Wilson*,

and are to be sold at his shop in Holborne,
at the new gate of Grayes Inne.

1611.

The Prologue.

Home-bred mirth our Muse doth sing,
The Satyret tooke and Waspish sting,
Which most do hurt when least suspected,
By this Play are not affected;
But if Conceit with quick-turn'd Sceaues,
Observing all those ancient streames,
Which from the Horse-foot fount do flow,
As Time, Place, Person, and to show,
Things neuer done with that true life,
That thoughts and wits shall stand at strife,
Whether the things now shewne be true,
Or whether we our selues now do
The things wee but present: if these,
Free from the loathsome stage disease,
(So ouer-worne, so tirde and stale,
Not Satyrizing but to raile,)
May win your fauours, and inherit
But calme acceptance for his merit:
A vowes by Paper, Pen and Inke,
And by the learned Sisters drinke,
To spend his Time, his Lamps, his Oyle,
And neuer cease his braine to toyle,
Till from the silent houres of night,
Hee doth produce for your delight,
Conceits so new, so harmlesse free,
That Puritans them-selues may see
A Play, yet not in publike Preach,
That Players such lewd doctrine teach
That their pure ioynts do quake and tremble,
When they doe see a man resemble
The Picture of a Villaine: This
As hee a friend to Muses is,
To you by mee a giues his word,
Is all his Play doth now afford.

FINIS.



Actorum nomina.

Sir Oliuer Smale-shankes.
Iustice Tutchin.
Thomas Smale-shankes.
William Smalshankes.
Boutcher.
Lieftenant Beard.

Throte.
Captaine Face.
Dash.
Three Gentlemen.
A Drawer.
Constable and Officers.

Women.

Lady Sommerfield,
Constantia Somersfield.
Francis.



Taffata.
Adriana.
Chamber-maide.



Ramme-Alley.

Actus 1. Scena 1.

Enter Constantia sola, with a letter in her hand.

Const. **I**N this disguise, ere scarce my mourning robes,
Could haue a generall note, I haue forooke
My shape, my mother, and those rich demcanes,
Of which I am sole heyre: and now resolute,
In this disguise of Page to follow him,
Whose loue first caus'd me to assume this shape.
Lord how my feminine blood stirs at the sight
Of these same breeches, me thinks this cod-peece
Should betray mee: well, I will trye the worst,
Hether they say hee vsually doth come,
Whom I so much affect, what makes he heere,
In the skirts of *Holborne*, so neere the field,
And at a garden house, a has some punke
Vpon my life: no more heere he comes.

Enter Boutcher.

God saue you sir: your name vnlesse I erre,
Is maister *Thomas Boutcher*. *Bou.* 'Tis sweet boy. *Con. delinens*

Con. I haue a letter for you. *Bou.* From whom ist, the lett.

Con. The inside sir will tell you; I shall see. *hee reads it.*

What loue he beares me now. *Bou.* Th'art welcome boy.

How does the faire *Constantia Somerfield*,

My noble mistresse. *Con.* I left her in health.

Bou. Shee giues thee heere good words, and for her sake,
Thou shalt not want a maister, be mine for euer.

Con. I thanke you sir: now shall I see the Punke. *he knocks.*

Enter William Small-shanke.

W.Sm. Who knocks so fast? I thought 'twas you, what news,

Bou. You know my businesse well. I sing one song.

W.Sm. Foot, what would you haue me do, my land is gon,
My credit of lesse trust then Courtiers words,

To men of iudgment, and for my debts

I might deserue a Knight-hood; what's to be done?

The Knight my father will not once vouchsafe

To call me sonne; That little land a gaue,

MERRY-TRICKS.

Thrate the Lawyer swallowed at one gob
 For lesse then halfe the worth and for the City
 There be so many rascals, and tall yeomen
 VVould hang vpon me for their maintenance,
 Should I but peepe or step within the gates,
 That I am forst onely to ease my charge,
 To liue here in the suburbes: or in the towne
 To walke in *Tenebris*. I tell you sir,
 Your best retired life is an honest Punke
 In a thatcht house with Gardlike: tell not mee,
 My Punk's my Punke, and noble Letchery
 Sticks by a man, when all his friends forsake him.

Ben. The Poxe it will, art thou so sencelesse growne,
 So much indeared to thy bestiall lust,
 That thy originall worth should lye extinct
 And buried in thy shame? farre be such thoughts
 From spirits free and noble: begin to liue.
 Know thy selfe, and whence thou art deriu'd,
 I know that competent state thy father gaue,
 Cannot be yet consum'd. *W.S.* 'Tis gon by heauen,
 Not a denier is left. *Ben.* 'Tis impossible.
VV.S. Impossible zart, I haue had two suckers,
 Able to spend the wealthy *Crasus* store.

Enter Francis.

Ben. VVhat are they? *VV.S.* VVhy a Lawyer & a VVhore,
 See heere comes one, doost thinke this petti-coate,
 A perfu'nd smock, and twice a weeke a bathe,
 Can be maintain'd with halfe a yeares reuenews
 No by heauen, wee Annuall yonger brothers,
 Must go to't by hole-sale, by hole-sale man
 These creatures are maintain'd: her very face
 Has cost a hundred pound. *Fra.* Sir, thanke your selfe.

Con. They keepe this whore betwixt them. *Fra.* You know
 I did inioy a quiet country life, (sir,
 Spotlesse and free, till you corrupted mee,
 And brought me to the Court, I neuer knew,
 VVhat fleeking, glazing, or what pressing meant,
 Till you preferd me to your Aunt the Lady,
 I knew no luoric teeth, no caps of heire,

No

MERY-TRICKS.

No *Mercurie* water, *fucus*, or perfumes,
To helpe a Ladies breath, vntill your Aunt
Learnt me the common trick. *W.S.* The common trick
Say you, a poxe vpon such common tricks,
They will vndoe vs all. *Gon.* And knowing this
Art thou so wilfull blind, still to persist
In ruine and defame? *W.S.* VVhat should I doe?
I'auē past my word to keepe this Gentlewoman,
Till I can place her to her owne content.
And what is a Gentleman but his word.

Bon. Why let her goe to seruice. *W.S.* To seruice,
Why so shee does, she is my Landresse,
And by this light, no punie Inne a Court
But keepe a Landresse at his command
To doe him seruice, and shall not I, ha!

Fra. Sir, you are his friend (I loue him to)
Propound a course which may aduantage him,
And you shall finde such reall worth in me,
That rather then Ile liue his hindrance,
I will assume the most penurious state
The Citty yeelds, to giue me meanes of life.

W.S. Why ther's it, you heare her what she sayes,
VVould not he be damnd that should forsake her,
Sayes she not well, can you propound a course,
To get my forfit land, from yonder roague,
Parcell Lawyer, parcell Deuill, all Knaue,
Throate, shroate. *Bon.* Not I. *W.S.* Why so, I thought as much,
You are like our Cittizens to men in need,
VVhich cry 'tis pittie, a propper Gentleman
Should want mony, yet not an vsuring slaue,
VVill lend him a denier, to helpe his wants,
VVill you lend me forty shillings? *Bon.* I will.

W.S. VVhy God-amercy, there's some goodnesse in thee,
Youle not repent. *Bon.* I will not. *W.S.* With that money
I will redeeme my forfit land, and wed
My Coecatrice to a man of worship,
To a man of worship by this light. *Bon.* But how?

W.S. Thus: in Ramme-alley lies a fellow, by name
Throate; one that professeth law, but indetd

MERRY-TRICKS.

Has neither law nor confelence, a fellow
That neuer saw the barre, but when his life
Was cald in question for a coofenage,
The Rogne is riche, to him go you, tell him
That rich Sir *Iohn Somerfield*. *Con.* How's that?

W. Is lately dead, and that my hopes stand faire
To get his onely daughter. If I speed,
And haue but meanes to steale away the wench,
Tell him I reckon him my chiefeft friend,
To entertaine vs till our nuptiall rites
May be accomplisht, and could you but procure
My elder brother meete me on the way,
And but associaie me vnto his house,
'Tweare hit ifaith, I'de giue my cunning *Throse*
An honest slit for all his tricks in lawe.

Bou. Why this shall be perform'd, take ther's my store,
To friends all things are common. *W.S.* Then at the court
There are none foes, for all things there are common.

Bou. I will as carefully performe thy wish,
As if my fortunes lay vpon th' attempt.

W.S. When shall I heere from you. *Bou.* Within this houre

W.S. Let me alone for the rest, if I gull not
And go beyond my open throated lawyer,
For all his booke cases of *Tricesimo nono*
And *Quaaragesimo octauo*; let mee
Like waiting Gentlewomen be euer bound,
To sit vpon my heeles, and pick rushes,
Will you about this geere. *Bou.* With my best speed.

W.S. I then fare you well, yole meete me. *Bou.* Without faile.

Exit, Bouch. and Page.

W.S. Aduce : now you pernicious Coccatrice,
You see how I must skelder for your good,
He bring you where you shall haue meanes to cheare,
If you haue grace enough to apprehend it.

Fra. Beleete me loue, how ere some stricter wits,
Condemne all women which are prone to loue,
And thinke that if their fauour fall on any,
By consequence they must be naught with many,
And hold a false position, that a woman

False

MERY-TRICKS.

False to her selfe, can trusty be to no man,
Yet know I say, how ere my life hath lost
The same which my Virginitie aspyr'd,
I will be true to thee, my deed shall moouē,
To win from all men pittie, if not loue.

W.S. Tut, I know thee a good rascall, lets in,
And on with all your neare and finest ragges.
On with your cloake and saue-gard, you arrant drab,
You must cheate without all conscience, filch for thee & me.
Do but thou act what I shall well contriue,
Weele teach my Lawyer a new way to thriue. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mistresse Tafara, and Adriana her maid abouts.

Taf. Come lou'd *Adriana* heere let vs sit,
And marke who passēs; now for a wager,
What colour'd bear'd comes next by the window?

Adr. A black mans I thinke. *Taf.* I thinke not so,
I thinke a redde, for that is most in fashion,
Lord how scarce is the world of proper men
And gallants; sure wee neuer more shall see
A good legge worne in a long silke stocking,
With a long cod-peece, of all fashions
That carried it ifaith, what's he goes by?

Enter a Cittizen.

Adri. A sniueling Cittizen, he is carrying ware, *Exit.*
Vnto some Ladies chamber: but who's this?

Enter T. Smal-shanke reading a letter.

Taf. I know him not, a lookes iust like a foole.

Adr. He's very braue a may be a Courtier,
Whats that a reads. *Taf.* Ah how light a treads
For durting his silke stockings, Ile tell thee what,
A witty woman may with ease distinguish,
All men by their noses, as thus: your nose
Tuscan is lowely, large and brawde,
Much like a Goose, your valiant generous nose,
A crooked, smooch, and a great puffing nose,
Your schollers nose is very fresh and raw
For want of fire in winter, and quickly smels,
His choppes of mutton, in his dish of porrage.
Your Puritan nose is very sharpe and long,

MERRY-TRICKS.

And much like your widdows, and with ease can smell,
An ecdying capon some fine streets off,

Enter Butcher and Constanza.

Adr. O mistress a very proper Gentleman,

Taf. And trust me so it is, I neuer saw
A man that sooner could captiue my thoughts
(Since I writ widdow) then this gentleman,
I would a would looke vp. *Adr.* He laugh so lowd
That he may heere me. *Taf.* Thats not so good.

Bou. And spake you with Maister *Smalshanke.* *Con.* I did.

Bou. Will a meete his brother. *Con.* A said a would,
And I beleeued him, I tell you maister
I haue done that for many of these gallants
That no man in this towne would do but I.

Bo. What is that boy. *Con.* Why trust them on their words,
But will you heere the newes which now supplies,
The citty with discourse. *Bou.* What is it wag.

Con. This fir, they say some of our citty dames
Were much desirous to see the Baboones
Doe their newest tricks, went, saw them, came home,
Went to bed, slept, next morning one of them,
Being to shift a smock, sends downe her maide,
To warme her one, meane while she gins to thinke
On the Baboones tricks, and naked in her bed
Begins to practise some, at last she stroue,
To get her right leg ouer her head; thus:
And by her actiuitie she got it
Crosse her shoulder: but not withall her power,
Could she reduce it, at last much strugling
Tumbles quite from the bed vpon the flower,
The maide by this return'd with the warme smock,
And seeing her mistress throwne on the ground,
Trust vp like a foote-ball, exclames, calls helpe,
Runnes downe amaz'd, sweares that her mistress neck
Is broke; vp comes her husband and neighbours,
And finding her thus trus'd, some flatly said
She was bewitch, others she was posselt.
A third said for her pride, the Diuell had set
Her face where her rumpe should stand, but at last

Her

MERRY-TRICKS.

Her valiant husband steps me boldly to her,
Helpes her; she a shamed; her husband amazed,
The neighbours laughing, as none forbear,
She tells them of the fatall accident.

To which one answers, that if her husband
Would leaue his trade, and carry his wife about
To doe this tricke in publike, she'd get more gold.
Then all the Baboones, Calues with two tails,
Or motions whatsoeuer. *Bon.* You are a wag.

Taf. He will be gone if we neglect to stay him.

Adr. Shall I cough or sneeze. *Taf.* No I ha't stand a side,
Aye me my handkercher. *Adrian, Fabian.* *Adr.* Mistris,

Taf. Runne, runne, I haue let my handkercher fall,
Gentleman shall I intreate a curtisie?

Bon. Within my power your beauty shall command,
What curtisie ist. *Taf.* To stoope and take vp,

My handkercher. *Bon.* Your desire is performd.

Taf. Sir most hearty thanks: please you come in
Your welcome shall transcend your expectation.

Bon. I accept your curtisie, ha! what's this?

Affaild by feare and hope in a moment.

Bon. this womanish passion fits not men,

Who know the worth of freedome: shall smiles and eyes

With their lasciuious glances conquer him

Hath still beene Lord of his affections?

Shall simpring nisenesse load-stones but to fooles,

Attract a knowing spirit? it shall, it dooes,

Not *Phœbus* rising from *Auroras* lap,

Spreads his bright raies with more maiestique grace,

Then came the glances from her quickning eye,

And what of this. *Con.* By my troth I know not.

Bon. I will not enter: continued flames burne strong.

I yet am free, and reason keeps her seate,

Above all fond affections, yet is she faire.

Enter Adrian.

Adr. Sir I bring you thanks for this great curtisie,

And if you please to enter I dare presume.

My mistrisse will affoord you gracious welcome.

Bon. How do men call your mistris. *Con.* The mans in loue.

METTRICKS.

Adr. Her name fit to *Mistress Changeable*, late wife
To maister *Tisfor* Mercer deceased.

Bou. I haue heard she is both rich and beautifull,

Adr. In th'eyes of such as loue her, Iudge your selfe,
Please you but prick forward and enter.

Con. Now will I fall a boord the waiting maide,

Adr. Fall a boord of me doost take me for a ship?

Con. I, and will shoote you betwixt wind and water.

Adr. Blurt maister gunner, your linstocks too short.

Con. Foote how did she know that, doost here (sweet heart,
Should not the puge be doing with the maid; I had.

Whilst the maister is busie with the mistress,

Please you prick forward, thou art a wench.

Likely to goe the way of all flesh shortly.

Adr. Whole wits knowe art thou; *Con.* At your seruice.

Adr. At mine faith, I should breach thee. *Con.* How breach

Adr. I breach thee, I haue breach'd a tailor man, (me.
Then you in my time, come in and welcome.

Con. Well I see now a rich well-practis'd baud,

May purse more fees in a summers practice,

Then a well traded lawyer in a whole terme,

Pandarisme! why't is growne a liberall science

Or a new sect; and the good professors

Will like the Brownist frequent grauell pits shortly,

For they vse woods and obscure holes already.

Enter Tisfor and Baucher.

Not marry a widdow. *Bou.* No. *Tisf.* And why?

Belike you thinke it base and seruanc-like,

To feed vpon reuersion, you hold vs widdowes,

But as a pie thrust to the lower end

That hath had many fingers in before,

And is refer'd for grosse and hungry stomacks.

Bou. You much mistake me. *Tisf.* Come in faith you do.

And let me tell you that's but ceremony,

For though the Pye bee broken vp before,

Yet sayes the proverbe, the deeper is the sweeter.

And though a capon wings and legges be cut,

The flesh left with the rumpe I hope is sweet.

Tell you in, I haue bene word, and food to,

By

MERRY-TRICKS.

7

By worthy Knights of faire demeanes, nay more,
They haue bin out of debt, yet till this houre,
I neither could endure, to be in loue,
Or be beloued, but proferd ware is cheape.
Whats lawfull thats loathd, and things denied,
Are with more stronger appetite perlude:
I am too yeelding. *Bon.* You mistake my thoughts:
But know thou wonder of this continent,
By one moreskild in vnknowne fare, then was,
The blind *Israhian* Prophet, It was foretold,
A widow should indanger both my life,
My soule, my lands, and reputation,
This checks my thoughts, and cooles th' essential fire,
Of sacred loue; more ardent in my brest
Then speech can vtter. *Taf.* A triuiall Idle cast,
Tis for a man, of your repute and note,
To credie fortune-tellers, a petty rogue,
That neuer saw five shillings in a heape,
Will take vpon him to diuine mens fare,
Yet neuer knowes himselfe shall dye a begger,
Or be hanged vp for pilfering rable-cloaths,
Shirts and smocks, hanged out to dry on hedges,
Tis meereely base, to trust them, or if there be,
A man in whom the *Delphick* God hath breath'd
His true diuining fire; that can foretell,
The first decree of fate, he likewise knowes,
What is within the ouerlasting booke
Of Desteny decreed, cannot by wis,
Or mans Inuention be dissolued, or shund,
Then giues thy loue free scope, embrace and kisse,
And to the diuine sisters leave th' cure.

Bon. How powerfull are their words whom we affect,
Small force shall need, to win the strongest fort,
If to his stare the Captaine be perfidious,
I must intreat you to let me my depar
For some few minutes. *Taf.* Choose what you will of time,
There lyes your way. *Bon.* I will intreat her, stay.

Taf. Did you call sir. *Bon.* No. *Taf.* Then fare you well.

[*Bon.* Who goes to loue, needs not a second Hell. *Ent. Adr.*

METRICS

Taf. Adriana makes me say. Ad. Myself.
Taf. I prythee see if hee haue lost the house, pidenes yadT
Peepe close, see, but be not seene: is a gon, as blinoy ad. I
Adr. No, has made a stand: Taf. I prethee keepe close.
Ad. Nay, keepe you close, y ad best Taf. What does he now?
Adr. Now a retire: Ben. O, you much partiall gods, I
Why gaue you men affections, and not a power to ouercome I
To gouerne them? what I by fate should shun, I would not
I most affect, a widdow, a widdow.
Taf. Blowce the wind there: Adr. A ha, h is in faith, I
Yo'auc drawne him now within your purlews misfelle, I
Ben. Tut I will not loue, my rationall shoul you, shoul y M
And better parts shall conquer blind affections, I
Lec passion children, or weake women sway, I
My loue shall to my iudgment still obey, I
Taf. What does he now? Adr. He's gone Taf. Goe Adriana.
Adr. A went his way, and neuer lookt behind him, I
Taf. Sure he's taken: Adr. A little sing'd or so, I
Each thing must haue beginning, men must prepare I
Before they can come on, and show their loues I
In pleasing sort: then men will doe in time, I
For loue good misfelle is much like to waxe, I
The more 't is rub'd, it sticks the faster too, I
Or like a bird in bird-lime, or a pit-fall, I
The moore a labour, till the deeper in, I
Taf. Come, thou must helpe me now, I haue a trick I
To second this beginning, and in the mcke, I
To strike it dead ifaith, women must woe, I
When men forget what Nature leads them too, I
Enter Throte the Lawyer from his study, bookes and baggs I
of money on a Table, a chaire and cushion, I
Thr. Chast Phoebe, splende; there's that lest yet, I
Next to my booke, Claro misante Aura, I
I that's the soule of lawe: that's it, that's it, I
For which the Buckrome bag must trudge all weathers I
Though scarcely fill'd with one poore replication, I
How happy are we that we toy the law, I
So freely as we doe; not bought and sold, I
But clearly giuen, without all base extorting, I

2. Comedy in one Act.
MERRY-TRICKS.

Taking but bare ten Angels for a fee,
 Or vpward : to this renown'd estate,
 Haue I by indirect and cunning meanes,
 In-wouen my selfe, and now can scratch it out,
 Thrust at a barre, and cry my Lord as lowd;
 As ere a lifted gowne man of them all.
 I neuer plead before the honor'd bench,
 But bench right-worshipfull of peacefull Iustices
 And Country-Gentlemen, and yet I'auc found
 Good gettings by the Masse, besides od cheates,
Will small-shankes lands, and many garboyles more,
Dash. *Dash.* Sir. *Thr.* Is that reioynder done. *Da.* Done sir.
Thr. Haue you drawn't at length, haue you dasht it out,
 According to your name. *Daf.* Some seauen-score sheetes.
Thr. Is the demurror drawne twixt *Snip* and *Woodcock*,
 And what do you say to *Peacocks* pittifull bill,
Daf. I haue drawne his answer negatiue to all.
Thr. Negatiue to all. The plaintiue sayes,
 That *William Goose*, was sonne to *Thomas Goose*,
 And will a sweate the generall bill is false.
Daf. A will. *Thr.* Then he forswears his father, tis well,
 Some of our clients will go prig to hell
 Before our selues ; has a paide all his fees.
Daf. A left them all with me. *Thr.* Then trusse my points,
 And how thinkst thou of law? *Daf.* Most reuerenti,
 Law is the worlds great light, a second sunne,
 To this terrestriall Globe, by which all things
 Haue life and being, and without which
 Confusion and disorder soone would seaze
 The generall state of men, warres, outrages,
 The vicerous deeds of peace, it curbes and cures,
 It is the kingdomes eye, by which thee sees
 The acts and thoughts of men. *Thr.* The kingdomes eye,
 I tell thee foole, it is the kingdomes nose,
 By which she smells out all these rich transgressors,
 Norist of flesh, but meerely made of wax,
 And 'tis, within the power of vs Lawyers,
 To wrest this nose of waxe which way we please :
 Or it may be as thou saidst an eye indeed.

MERRY-TRICKS.

But if it be, tis sure a womans eye *knocks within.*
Thats euer rowling. *Daf.* one knocks. *Thr.* Go see who tis,
Stray, my chaire, and gowne, and then go see who knocks,
Thus must I secme a Lawyer which am indeed,
But meerly dregs and offscum of the Law; *Ent. Bon. Dash.*
Tricesimo primo Alberti Magni. and *Consta.*
Tis very cleere. *Bon.* God saue you sir.

Thr. The place is very pregnant, Maister *Boucher*;
Most hartly welcme sir, *Bon.* You ply this geere,
You are no trowant in the law, I see.

Thr. Faith some hundred bookes in folio I haue
Turn'd ouer to better my owne knowledge,
But that is nothing for a student.

Bon. Or a Stationer they turne them ouer too,
But not as you doe gentill Maister *Throte*,
And what the Law speakes profit does it not?

Thr. Faith some bad angels haunt vs now and then,
But what brought you hether. *Bon.* Why these small legs,

Thr. You are conceited sir. *Bon.* I am in Law,
But let that goe, and tell me how you doe,
How does *Will Smallshankes* and his louely bride.

Th. Introth you make me blush, I should haue askt,
His health of you, but tis not yet too late.

Bon. Nay good sir *Throat* forbear your quillers now.

Thr. By Heauen I deale most plaine, I saw him not,
Since last I tooke his Mortgage. *Bon.* Sir be not nice,
(Yet I must needs herein commend your loue)
To let me see him; for know I know him wed,
And that a stole away *Sommerfields* heire,
Therefore suspect me not I am his friend.

Thr. How wed to ritch *Sommerfields* onely heire,
Is old *Sommerfield* dead? *Bon.* Do you make it strange?

Thr. By heauen I know it not. *Bon.* Then am I greued
I spake so much (but that I know you loue him)
I should intreat your secreche sir, fare you well.

Thr. Nay good sir stay, if ought you can disclose
Of Maister *Smale-shankes* good, let me portake,
And make me glad in knowing his good hap.

Bon. You much indeere him sir, and from your loue,

I dare

MERRY-TRICKS.

I dare presume you make your selfe a fortune
If his faire hopes proceed. *Thr.* Say on good sir,

Bon. You will be secret. *Thr.* Or be my tongue torne out,

Bon. Measure for a Lawyer, but to the point,
Has stole *Somerfields* heyre hether a brings her

As to a man on whom a may relye
His life and fortunes: you hath a named

Already for the Steward of his lands;

To keepe his Courts, and to collect his rent;

To let out Leases and to raise his fines,

Nothing that may, or loue, or profit bring,

But you are named the man. *Thr.* I am his slaue,

And bound vnto his noble curtesie,

Euen with my life, I euer said a would thiue,

And I protest I kept his forfeit morgage,

To let him know what tis to liue in want.

Bonr. I thinke no lesse, one word more in priuate.

Con. Good Maister *Dash*, shall I put you now a case.

Dash. Speake on good Maister *Page.* *Con.* Then thus it is,

Suppose I am a Page, he is my Maister;

My Maister goes to bed and cannot tell

What money's in his hose, I ere next day

Haue filcht out some, what action lyes for this.

Dash. An action boy, cald firkng the Posteriors,

With vs your action sildome comes in question:

For that tis knowne that most of your Gallants

Are sildome so well stor'd, that they forget

What money's in their hose, but if they haue,

There is no other kelp then sweare the page

And put him to his oath. *Con.* Then fecks-law,

Dost thinke that he has conscience to steale,

Has not a conscience likewise to deny.

Then hang him vp ifaith. *Bon.* I must meet him,

Thr. Commend me to them, come when they will,

My doores stand open and all within is theirs,

And though Ramme-alley stinks with Cookes and Ale,

Yet say ther's many a worthy lawyers chamber,

Buts vpon Ram-alley, I haue still an open throte,

If ought I haue which may procure his good,

MERRY-TRICKS.

Bid him command, I, though it be my blood. *Ex.*

Actus Secundi. Scena Prima.

Enter Oliver Smaleshanke, Tho: Smaleshanke.

S.Oli. Is this the place you were appointed to meete him.

Th.S. So *Boutcher* sent me word. *S.O.* I find it true,
That wine, good newes, and a yong holsome wench
Cheere vp an old mans blood, I tell thee boy,
I am right hartie glad, to heare thy brother
Hath got so great an heire; now were my selfe,
So well bestowed I should reioyce ifaith.

T.S. I hope you shall do well. *S.O.* No doubt, no doubt,

A firra has a borne the wench away,
My sonne ifaith, my very sonne ifaith,
When I was yong and had an able back,
And wore the brissell on my vpper lippe,
In good *Decorum* I had as good conuayance,
And could haue ferd, and ferkt y'away a wench,
As soone as eare a man aliue; tut boy,
I had my winks, my becks, treads on the toe,
Wrings by the fingers, smyles and other quirkies,
Noe Courtier like me, your Courtiers all are fooles,
To that which I could doe, I could haue done it boy.
Euen to a hate, and that some Ladies know,

Th.S. Sir I am glad this match may reconcile,
Your loue vnto my brother. *S.O.* Tis more then so.
He seeme offended still though I am glad.

Enter W. Smaleshanke, Francis, Beard booted.

Has got rich *Sommer-fields* heyre. *W.S.* Come wench of gold,
For thou shalt get me gold, besides odde ends
Of siluer: weele purchase house and land,
By thy bare gettings, wentch, by thy bare gettings,
How saiest *Lieftenant Beard*, does she not looke
Like a wench newly stole from a window?

Beard Exceeding well she carries it by *Lone*,
And if she can forbear her Rampant trick,
And but hold close a while twill take by *Mars*.

Fra. How now you slaue? my rampant tricks you rogue,
Nay feare not me my onely feare is still,

Thy

MERY-TRICKS.

Thy filthy face betrayes vs, for all men know,
 Thy nose stands compasse like a bow,
 VVhich is three quarters drawne, thy head
 Which is with greasy haire ore-spred,
 And being vncurl'd and black as cole,
 Doth show some scullion in a hole
 Begot thee on a Gipsie, or
 Thy mother was some Colliers whore :
 My rampant tricks you rogue, thou'lt be descide
 Before our plot be ended. W.S. What should descry him,
 Vnlesse it be his nose? and as for that;
 Thou maist protest a was thy fathers butler,
 And for thy loue is likewise runne away,
 Nay sweet Lieftenant now forbear to pusse,
 And let the brissels of thy beard grow down-ward,
 Reuerence my Punke and Pandarize a little,
 Ther's many of thy ranke that doe professe it,
 Yet hold it no disparagment. Bea. I shall doe,
 VVhat fits an honest man. W.S. VVhy thats enough,
 Foote my Father, and the goose my brother,
 Back you two, Bea. Back. W.S. Retire sweet Leiutenant,
 And come not on, till I shall waue you on.
 S.O. Is not that he. T.S. Tis he. S.O. But wheres the wench.
 W.S. It shalbe so, Ile cheate him thats flar.
 S.O. You are well met, know yee me good sir,
 Belike you thinke I haue no eyes, no eares,
 No nose to smell, and winde out all your tricks,
 Y'haue stole sir *Somerfields* heire, nay we can finde,
 Your wildest paths, your turnings and returnes,
 Your traces, squats, the mussers, formes and holes,
 You yongmen vse, if once our sagest wits
 Be set a hunting, are you now crept forth,
 Haue you hid your head within a suburbe hole
 All this while, and are you now crept forth?
 W.S. 'Tis a starke lye. S.O. How? W.S. who told you so
 Foote, a Gentleman cannot leaue the Citty (did lye,
 And keepe the suburbs to take a little Phisick,
 But strait some slaue will say he hides his head;
 I hide my head within a suburbe hole,

MERRY-TRICKS.

I could haue holes at Court to hide my head,
Were I but so dispos'd. *Sir Ol.* Thou varlet knaue,
T'haſt ſtolne away *Sir Iohn Somerfields* heire,
But neuer looke for countenance from me,
Carry her whether thou wilt. *W.S.* Father, father,
Zart will you vndoe your poſterity.
Will you ſir vndoe your poſterity?
I can but kill my brother, then hang my ſelfe,
And where is then your houſe, make me not diſpare;
Foote now I haue got a wench, worth by the yeare
Two thouſand pound and vpwards, to croſſe my hopes:
Would ere a clowne in Chriſtendom doo't but you.

Th.S. Good Father, let him leane this thundring,
And giue him grace. *W.S.* Why law, my brother knowes
Reaſon, and what an honeſt man ſhould doe. (behind,

S. Ol. Well, where's your wife. *W.S.* Shees comming here

S. Ol. Ile giue her ſome-what, though I loue not thee.

W.S. My father right, I knew you could not hold
Out long with a woman, but giue ſome-thing
Worthy your gift and her acceptance father,
This chaine were excellent by this good light,
Shee ſhall giue you as good, if once her lands

Enter Francis, Beard.

Come to my fingring. *S. O.* Peace knaue, whats ſhe your wife?

W.S. That ſhall be ſir. *S. Ol.* And whats he. *W.S.* My man.

S. Ol. A Ruſſian Knaue a is. *W.S.* A Ruſſian ſir,

By heauen, as tall a man as ere drew ſword,

Not being counted of the damned crew,

A was her fathers Butler, his name is *Beard*,

Of with your Maſke, now ſhall you finde me true.

And that I am a ſonne vnto a Knight,

This is my father. *S. Ol.* I am indeed faire maide,

My ſtile is Knight: come let me kiſſe your lips.

W.S. That kiſſe ſhall coſt your chaine. *S. O.* It ſmacks if aith,

I muſt commend your choiſe. *Fra.* Sir I haue giuen

A larger venture then true modeſty

Will well allow, or your more grauer wit

Commend. *W.S.* I dare be ſworne ſhe has. *S. O.* Not ſo.

The fooliſh knaue ha's beens accounted wilde,

And

MERRY-TRICKS.

And so haue I, but I am now come home,
And so will he. *Fra.* I must belecue it now.

W.S. Beg his chaine wench. *Be.* Wil you cheat your father?

W.S. I by this light will I. *S.Ol.* Nay sigh not,
For you shall finde him louing and me thankfull :
And were it not a scandall to my honour,
To be consenting to my sonnes attempt,
You should vnto my house, meane while take this,
As pledge and token of my after loue :
How long since dyed your father. *W.S.* Some six weeks since.
We cannot stay to talke, for slaues pursue,
I haue a house shall lodge vs till the Priest
May make vs sure. *S.Ol.* Well sirra, loue this woman,
And when you are man and wife, bring her to me,
Shee shall be welcome. *W.S.* I humbly thanke you sir.
S.Ol. I must be gone, I must a wooing too.
W.S. *Ioue* and *Priapus* speed you, youle returne.

Exit Sir Oliuer and Thom: Small-thanke.

Th.S. Instantly *W.S.* Why this came cleanly off,
Giue me the chaine, you little Cockatrice,
Why this was luck, foote foure hundred crownes,
Got at a clap, hold still your owne you whore,
And we shall thriue, *Bea.* Twas brauely fetcht about.

W.S. I, when will your nose and beard performe as much.

Fra. I am glad he is gon, a put me to the blush,
When a did aske me of rich *Somerfields* death.

W.S. And tooke nor I my q: waist not good,
Did I not bring you off, you arrant drab,
Without a counterbuffe ? looke who comes heere,
And three merry men, and three merry men,
And three merry men bee wee a.

Enter Boucher and Constantia.

Bou. Still in this vaine, I haue done you seruice
The Lawyers house will giue you entertainment,
Bountifull and free. *W.S.* O my second selfe,
Come let me busse thy beard, we are all made,
Why att so melancholly, doost want money ?
Looke heer's gold, and as we passe along,
He tell thee how I got it, not a word

MERY-TRICKS.

But that shee's *Somerfields* heyre, my brother
Swallowes it with more ease, then a Dutchman
Does flap-*Dragons*: a comes, now to my *Lawyers*:

Enter T. Smallshanke.

Kisse my wife, good brother; shee is a wench
Was borne to make vs all. *Th. S.* I hope no lesse,
Yo are welcome sister into these our parts,
As I may say. *Fra.* Thankes gentle brother.

W. S. Come now to Ram-alley. There shalt thou lye,
Till I prouide a Priest, *Bon.* O villany!
I thinke a will gull his whole generation,
I must make one, since 'tis so well begun,
He not forsake him, till his hopes be wonne. *Exeunt.*

Enter Throte, and two Cittizens.

Thr. Then y' are friends. *Bath.* We are, so please your worship.

Thr. 'Tis well, I am glad, keepe your mony, for law
Is like a Butlers box: while you two strue,
That picks vp all your mony, you are friends,

Bath. We are so please you, both perfit friends. *Th.* Why so,
Now to the next Tap-house, there drinke down this,
And by the operation of the third pot,
Quarrell againe, and come to me for law:
Fare you well. *Bath.* The Gods conserue your wisdom. *E. Cit.*

Thr. Why so, these are tricks of the long fiftenees,
To giue counsell, and to take fees on both sides,
To make 'em friends, and then to laugh at them,
Why this thriues well, this is a common trick
When men haue spent a deale of mony in law,
Then Lawyers make them friends: I haue a trick
To go beyond all these, if *Small-shanke* come
And bring rich *Somerfields* heyre, I say no more,
But 'tis within this skonsse to goe beyond them.

Enter Dab.

Dab. Here are Gentlemen in hast would speake with you.

Thr. VVhat are they? *Dab.* I cannot know them sir,
They are so wrapt in Cloakes. *Thr.* Haue they a woman?

Dab. Yes sir, but shee's Maskt, and in her riding sute.

Thr. Goe, make hast, bring them vp with reuerence,
Oh are they ifaith, has brought the wealthy heire:

These

MERRY-TRICKS.

These stools and cushions stand not handfomly.

Enter William Smalshanke, Butcher, Thomas

Smalshanke, Francis and Beard

W.S. Bless thee *Throte*, *Thr.* Maister *Smalshanke* welcome.

VV.S. Welcome loue, kisse this Gentlewoman, *Throte*,

Thr. Your worship shall command me. *W.S.* Art not weary.

Bon. Can you blame her since she has rid so hard?

Thr. You are welcome Gentlemen, -- *Dash.* *Daf.* Sir,

Thr. A fire in the great chamber, quickly.

VV.S. I that's well said, we are almost weary,

But Maister *Throte*, if any come to inquire

For me, my brother, or this Gentlewoman,

*VV*e are not here, nor haue you heard of vs.

Thr. Not a word sir, heere you are as safe

As in your fathers house. *T.S.* And he shall thanke you.

W.S. Th'art not merry loue, good maister *Throte*

Bid this Gentlewoman welcome: she is one

Of whom you may receiue some courtesie

In time. *Thr.* She is most hartly welcome,

*VV*ilt please you walke into another roome.

*VV*here is both bed and fire, *VV.Sm.* I, I, that that

Good brother lead her in, Maister *Throte* and I

*VV*ill follow instantly, now Maister *Throte*

Exit.

It rests within your power to pleasure me,

Know that this same is sir *John Somerfields* Heire,

Now if she chance to question what I am,

Say sonne vnto a Lord, I pray thee tell her

I haue a world of land, and stand in hope

To bee created Barron, for I protest

I was constrain'd to sweare it forty times,

And yet shee'le scarce beleue me. *Thr.* *Pauca sapientis,*

Let me alone to set you out in length

And breadth: *VV.S.* I prethee doo't effectually:

Shat haue a quarter share by this good light,

In all she has, I prethee forget not

To tell her the *Smalshankes* haue beene dancers,

Tilters, and very antient Courtiers,

And in request at Court since sir *John Skort-hose*.

*VV*ith his long silke stockings was beheaded,

*VV*ilt

MERY-TRICKS.

Wilt thou do this? *Thr.* Referre it to my care.

W.Sm. Excellent, Ile but shift my bootes, and then
Goe seeke a Priest, this night I will be sure.

If we be sure, it cannot be vndone,

Can it Maister *Throte*? *Thr.* O sir not possible:

You haue many Presidents and booke Cases for't,

Bee you but sure and then let me alone.

Vivat Rex, currat Lex, and Ile defend you.

W.S. Nay then hang care, come lets in. *Thr.* A ha,
Haue you stole her, *fallere fallentem non est fraus.* *Exit W.S.*
It shall goe hard but I will strip you boy.

You stole the wench, but I must her insoy.

Enter Mistris Taffata, Adriana, below,

Come *Adriana*, tell me what thou think'st,

I am tickled with conceit of marriage,

And whom think'st thou (for me) the fittest husband,

What saist thou to yong *Boucher*. *Adri.* A pretty fellow.

But that his back is weake. *Taf.* VVhat doost thou say

To *Throte* the Lawyer? *Adri.* I like that well,

VVere the Rogue a Lawyer, but he is none,

Hee neuer was of any Inne-of-court;

But Inne of Chancery, where a was knowne,

But onely for a swaggering whyfler,

To keepe out rogues, and prentises, I saw him,

VVhen a was stockt for stealing the cookes fees.

A Lawyer I could like, for tis a thing,

VVsed by you Cittizens wiues, your husbands dead;

To get french hoods you straight must Lawyers wed.

Taff. What saist thou then to Nimble Sir *Olin. Smal-shank*

Adri. Faith he must hit the haire: a fellow fit,

To make a pritty Cuckold. take an old man,

Tis now the newest fashion, better be

An old mans darling then a young mans wailing,

Take me the old briske knight, the foole is rich,

And will be strong enough to father children,

Though not to get them. *Taff.* Tis true he is the man,

Yet will I beare some dozen more in hand,

And make them all my gulls, *Adri.* Mistris stand aside.

Enter Boucher, and Constantia,

Young

MERRY-TRICKES.

Young *Bontcher* comes, let me alone to touch him,

Boa. This is the house. *Con.* And thats the chamber-maide.

Boa. VVhens the widdow gentle *Adriana*.

Adr. The VViddow sir is not to be spoken to,

Boa. Not spoke to, I must speake with her. *Adr.* must you?
Come you with authority, or do you come
To sue her with a warrant that you must speake with her.

Boa. I would intreat it. *Adr.* O you would intreat it,
May not I serue your turne, may not I vnfold,
Your secrets to my Mistris, loue is your sute,

Boa. It is faire creature. *Adr.* And why did you fall off
VWhen you perceiued my mistris was so cunning,
D'you thinke she is still the same. *Boa.* I doe. *Adr.* VVhy so,
I tooke you for a nouice: and I must thinke,
You know not yet the inwards of a woman,
Doe you not know that wouen are like fish,
VVhich must be strooke when they are prone to bite,
Or all your labours lost, but sir walke here.

And Ile informe my Mistris your desires, (boy
Con. Maister *Boa.* boy. *Con.* come not you for loue, *Boa.* I do
Co. And you would haue the widdow. *Bo.* I would *Co.* by loue,
I neuer saw one goe about his busines

More vntowardly: why sir, do not you know,
That he which would be inward with the Mistris
Must make a way first through the waiting maydes
If youle know the widdowes affections
Feele first the waiting Gentle-woman, do it Maister,
Some halfe a dozen kisses were not lost,

Vppon this Gentle-woman, for you must know,
These waiting maides are to their mistresses

Like Porches vnto doores, you passe the one
Before you can haue entrance at the other.

Or like your musterd to your peece of brawne,
If youle haue one tast well you must not skorne

To be dipping in the other, Itell you Maister

Tis not a few mens tales which they preferre,

Vnto their Mistresses in compasse of a yeare,

Be rul'd by me, vntruste your selfe to her,

Out with all your loue-sicke thoughtes to her,

MERRY-TRICKS.

Kisse her and giue her an angell to buy pinnes,
And this shall sooner winne her Mistis loue,
Then all your protestations, sighes and teares,

Enter Tassata, Adriana.

Here they come: to her bouldly Maister,
Doe, but dally not, thats the widdowes phrase,

Bon. Most worthy faire such is the power of loue,
That now I come t'accept your profered grace:
And with submissiue thoughtes t'entreat a pardon,
For my so grosse neglect. *Taff.* Thers no offence,
My mind is changed. *Adr.* I told you as much before,
Con. With a hey passe with a repasse. *Bon.* Deereft of women,
The constant vertue of your nobler mind,
Speakes in your lookes: Nor can you entertaine
Both loue and hate at once. *Taff.* Tis all in vaine, (Maister
Adr. You striue against the streame. *Co.* Fee the waiting maid
Bon. Stand thou propitious, indeere me to my loue

Bontsher giues Adriana his purse secretly.

Adr. Deere Mistresse turne to this Gentleman, I protest,
I haue some feeling of his constant loue,
Cast him not away; try his loue. *Taf.* Why sir,
With what audacious front can you intreat
To inioy my loue, which yet not two howers since,
You scornefully refus'd. *Con.* Wel fare the waiting maide.

Bon. My fate compeld me but now farewell fond feare,
My soule, my life, my lands, and reputation,
Ile hazard all and prize them all beneath thee.

Taff. which I shall put to triall, lend me thy care,

Adr. Can you loue boy. *Co.* Yes, *Ad.* what or whom. *Co.* My

Adr. A pretty knaue, ifaith come home to night, (victuals
Shalt haue a posset and candi'd Eringoes,

A bed if need be to, I loue alife,

To play with such Babounes as thou. *Con.* indeed?

But doost thou thinke the widdow will haue my maister.

At. Ile tel thee then, wo't come. *Con.* I wil. *Ad.* Remember

Taff. Wil you performe so much. *Bon.* O loose my bloud.

Taf. Make him subscribe it, and then I vow,

By sacred *Vestres* euer hallowed fire,

To take thee to my bed, *Bon.* Til then farewell,

(*Exc.*
Taff.

MERRY-TRICKES.

Taff. Hees worthy loue whose vertues most excell.

Adr. Remember, what ist a match betwixt you Mistresse?

Taff. I haue set the foole in hope, h'as vnderstooke
To rid me of that fleshly Captaine *Face*.

Which sweares in tauernes and all ordinaries,

I am his lawfull wife: he shall allay,

The fury of the Captaine, and I secure,

Will laugh at the disgrace they both indure.

(Ex.)

Enter Throate and Francis.

Thr. Open your case and I shall soone resolute you.

Fra. But will you doe it truly, *Th.* As I am honest.

Fra. This Gentleman whom I so much affect,

I scarcely yet doe know, so blind is loue

In things which most concernes it. As y'are honest,

Tell me his birth, his state, and farthest hopes

Thr. He is my friend and I will speake him truly,

He is by birth, sonne to a foolish Knight,

His present state I thinke will be the prison,

And farthest hope to be bailed out againe,

By sale of al your land, *Fra.* O me accurst,

Has a no credit Lands and Mannors.

Thr. That lands he has lies in a faire Churchyard,

And for his manners they are so rude and vile,

That scarce an honest man wil keepe him company,

Fra. I am abused coosned and deceiued.

Thr. Why thats his occupation: hee will cheate,

In a cloake lin'd with Veluet, a wil prate

Faster then fise Barbers, and a Taylor.

Ly faster then ten Citty occupiers,

Or cunning tradsmen: goes a trust

In euery Tauerne, where has spent a fagot,

Sweares loue to euery whoore, squires baudes,

And takes vp houses for them as their husband

A is a man I loue and haue done much

To bring him to preferment. *Fra.* Is there no trust,

No honesty in men *Thr.* Faith some there is,

And tis all in the hands of vs Lawyers

And women: and those women which haue it.

Keepe their honesty so close, that not one,

MERRY-TRICKS.

Amongst a hundred is perceiued to haue it.

Fra. Good sir, may I not by law forsake him
And wed another, though my word be past
To be his wife. *Thr.* O questionlesse you may;
You haue many Presidents and booke-cases for't,
Nay, though you were married by a booke-case,
Of *Milefimo sexcentesimo, &c.*

You may forsake your husband, and wed another,
Prouided that some fault be in the husband:
As none of them are cleare. *Fra.* I am resolu'd,
I will not wed him, though I beg my bread,

Thr. All that I haue is yours, and were I worthy
To be your husband. *Fra.* I thanke you sir,
I will rather wed a most perfidious Redshanke,
A noted Iewe, or some Mechanick slaue,
Then let him ioy my sheets. *Thr.* A comes, a comes.

Enter W. Smal. Butcher, T. Smal. Beard.

W.S. Now my Virago, 'tis done, all's cock-sure,
I haue a Priest will mumble vp a marriage,
Without bell, booke, or candle, a nimble slaue,
An honest VVelshe-man that was a Taylor,
But now is made a Curate. *Bea.* Nay y' are fitted.

Bou. Now maister *Throte.* *T.S.* VVhere's your spirit sister?

VV.S. VVhat all *amort?* whats the matter? do you heere?

Bou. VVhat's the reason of this melancholly?

Thr. By heauen I know not. *VV.S.* Has the gudgin bit.

Fra. He has beene nibbling. *VV.S.* Hold him to it wench,

And it twill hit by heauen; why art so sad?

Foot wench we will be married to night,

VVeale sup at th' Myter, and from thence

My brother and we three will to the Sauoy,

VVhich done, I tell thee girle, wee le hand ore head,

Goe to't pell mell for a Maiden-head,

Come yo are lusty, you wenches are like bells,

You glue no musick, till you fee the clapper,

Come *Throte* a torch, we must be gon. *Fra.* Seruant. *Exit.*

Bea. Mistris. *Fra.* VVe are vndone. *Bea.* Now *Ioue* forsend,

Fra. This fellow has no land; and which is worse,
Hee has no credit, *Bea.* How are we out-strip,

Blowne

MERT-TRICKS.

Blowne vp by wit of man : Let vs be gone
Home againe, home againe, our market now is done.

Fra. That were too great a scandall. *Thr.* Most true,
Better to wed another then to returne
With scandall and defame : wed me a man
Whose wealth may reconcile your mothers loue,
And make the action lawfull. *Bea.* But where's the man?
I like your counsell, could you show the man.

Thr. My selfe am he, might I but dare aspire
Vnto so high a Fortune. *Bea.* Mistrisse, take the man,
Shall we be baffled with faire promises,
Or shall we trudge, like beggers back againe,
No, take this wise and vertuous man,
Who should a lose his legges, his armes, his eares,
His nose, and all his other members,
Yet if his tongue be left 'twill get his liuing,
Take me this man. *Thr.* Thankes gentle maister *Beard.*

Fra. 'Tis impossible, this night he meanes to wed mee.

Thr. If not by law, we will with power preuent it,
So you but giue consent. *Fra.* Lets heere the meanes.

Thr. Ile muster vp my friends, and thus I cast it,
Whilst they are busie, you and I will hence
Directly to a Chappell, where a Priest
Shall knit the nuptiall knot ere they persue vs.

Bea. O rare inuention, Ile act my part,
A owes me thirteene pound, I say no more,
But there be catch-poles : speake ist a match.

Fra. I giue my liking. *Thr.* Dast. *Daf.* Sir. *Thr.* Get your sword
And me my buckler, nay you shall know

We are *Tam marti quam mercurio*,
Bring my cloake, you shall thether, Ile for friends,
VVorship and wealth the Lawyers state attends.

Dash. we must beare some braine, to *Saint Johns streete*,

Goe runne, flye : and a farre off enquire,

If that the Lady *Somerfeld* be there,

If there, know what newes, and meete me strait

At the Myter doore in *Fleet-streete*, away,

„To get rich wiues, men must not vse delay.

MERT-TRICKES

Actus 3. Scena 1.

Enter Sir Oliuer Smalshanks, Iustice Tutchin.

I. Tu. A hunting Sir Oliuer and drye-foote to,

S. Ol. We old men haue our crotchets, our conundrums,
Our 'egares, quirks and quibbles,
As wel as youth. *Iustice Tutchin* I goe,
To hunt no Buck, but prick a lussy Doe,
I goe in truth a wooing. *I. T.* Then ride with me,
He bring you to my sister *Somerfield*.

S. Ol. Iustice not so by her there hangs a Tale.

I. Tu. That's true indeed. *S. Ol.* She has a daughter.

I. Tu. And what of that *S. Ol.* I likewise haue a sonne,

A villanous Boy, his father vp and downe,
What should I say, these Veluet bearded boyes
will still be doing, say what we old men can.

I. Tu. And what of this Sir Oliuer, be plaine,

S. Ol. A nimble spirited knaue, the villaine boy,
Has one trieke of his fier, has got the wench.

Stolne your rich Sisters heire. *I. Tu.* *Somer-fields* heire,

S. Ol. Has done the deed, has peirst the vessells head,
And knowes by this the vintage, *I. Tu.* when should this be,

S. Ol. As I am by my counsell well informed,

This very day, *I. Tu.* Tut it cannot be,
Some ten miles hence I saw the maide last night.

S. Ol. Maides may be maides to night and not to morrow.

Women are free and sell their maiden-heads,

As men sell cloath by yard and handfull,

But if you chance to see your Sister widdow,
Comfort her teares and say her daughters matcht.

With one that has a knocker to his father,

An honest Noble Knight. *I. Tu.* Stand close Knight, close,

And marke this Captaines humor, his name is *Puffe*.

A dreames as a walkes, and thinks no woman

Enter Captaine Puffe.

Sees him but is in loue with him. *Pu.* T were braue,

If some great Lady through a window spied me,

And straight should loue me, say she should send,

5000. pound vnto my Lodging,

And

MERY-TRICKS.

And craue my company : with that mony,
I would make three scuttrall cloakes, and line them
With black, Crimfon, and Tawny three pyl'd veluet,
I would eate at *Chares* Ordinary, and dice
At *Antonies* : then would I keepe my whore,
In beaten veluet, and haue two slaues to rend her.

S.O. Ha, ha, ha. *Puff.* What my case of Iustices,
What are you eanes-dropping, or doe you thinke,
Your tawny coates with greſie facings here,
Shall carry it? Sir *Oliner Smal-shankes*,
Know my name is *Puffe*, knight, thee haue I fought,
To fright thee from thy wits. *I.Tu.* Nay good Sir *Puffe*,
Wee haue too many mad men already.

Puff. How? I tell thee Iustice *Tuchim*, not all
Thy Baylifes, Sergants, busie Constables,
Defendants, warrants, or thy Mittimusses,
Shall saue his throte from cutting, if he presume,
To woe the widdow eclipsed *Taffara*,
Shee is my wife by oth. Therefore take heed,
Let me not catch thee in the widdowes house,
If I doe, Ile pick thy head vpon my sword,
And pisse in thy very visnomy, beware, beware.
Come there no more, a Captains word,
Flies not so fierce as doth his fatall sword, *Exit Puffe.*

S.O. How like you this, shall we indure this thunder,
Or goe no further. *I.Tu.* We will on Sir *Oliner*,
We will on, let me alone to touchim,
I wonder how my spirit did forbear,
To strike him on the face : had this beene spoke,
Within my Liberties, had dyed for it.

Enter Cap. Puffe.
S.O. I was about to draw. *Puff.* If you come there,
Thy beard shall serue to stufte, those balls by which
I get me heat at *Tehice*, *I.Tu.* Is he gon. *Exit Puffe.*
I would a durst a stood to this awhile,
Well I shall catch him in a narrow roome,
Where neither of vs can flinch; If I do,
Ile make him dance a trenchmoore to my sword,
Come Ile along with you to the widdow.

Wee

MERRY-TRICKES

We will not be out-braued, take my word,
Weele not be wrongd while I can draw a sword. *Exit.*

Enter Throate and other Gentlemen

Thr. Let the Coach stay at showlane end: be ready,
Let the booke stand open and when she's in:
Hurry towards Saint Giles in the field,
As if the Diuell himselfe were waggoner,
Now for an arme of oake, and heart of Steele,
To beare away the wench, to get a wife,
A gentlewoman, a maide, nay which is more,
An honest maide, and which is most of all,
A ritche and honest maide: *O Ioue O Ioue;*
For a man to wed such a wife as this,
Is to dwell in the suburbs of Heauen,

1. Gen. Is she so exquisite. *Thr.* Sir she is ritche,
And a great heire. *2. Gen.* Tis the more dangerous,

Thr. Dangerous! Lord where be those gallant sprites!
The time has beene when scarce an honest woman,
Much lesse a wench could passe an Inne of court,
But some of the fry would haue beene dooing,
With her: I knew the day when Shreds a Taylor,
Comming once late by an Inne of Chancerie;
Was laid along, and musled in his cloake,
His wife tooke in, Styght yp, turnd out againe,
And he perswaded all was but in iest,
Tut those braue boyes are, gone, these which are left,
Are wary lads, liue poring on their bookes,
And giue their lynnens to their landresses,
By tayle, they now can saue their purses,
I knew when euery gallant had his man,
But now a tweluepeny weekely Landresse,
Will serue the turne to halfe a dozen of them,

Enter Dash.

Here comes my man, what newes? *Daf.* As you would wish,
The Lady *Somer-field* is come to towne.
Her horses yet are walking, and her men say,
Her onely daughter, is conuayd away.
Noe man knowes how: now to it master,
You and your seruant *Dash* are made for euer,

If

MERRY-TRICKS.

If you but stick to it now. *Thr.* Gentlemen,
Now show your selues at full, and not a man,
But shares a fortune with me if I speed.

Enter William Smalshanke Boucher, Thomas Smalshanke, Francis and Beard with a torch.

1. Gen. Tut feare not vs, be sure you runne away,
And weele performe the quarrell. *Thr.* Stand close, they come,
W.S. Art sure he will be here. *Fr.* Most sure. *W.S.* *Beard.* *B.* Sir.

W.S. Beare vp the torch, and keepe your way apace
Directly to the Saioy. *Th.S.* Haue you a Licence,
Looke to that brother before you marry,
For feare the Parson loose his benifice.

W.S. Tut our Curat craues no licence, a sweares
His liuing came to him by a miracle.

Bou. How by miracle? *W.S.* Why a paid nothing fort,
A swares that few be free from symony,
But onely Welchmen, and those a sayes to,
Are but mountaine Priests. *Bou.* But hang him foole he lyes.
Whats his reason? *W.S.* His reason is this,
That all their liuings are so rude and bare,
That not a man, will venter his damnation
By giuing mony for them; a does protest,
There is but two paire of hose and shooes,
In all his Parish. *1. Gen.* Hold vp your light Sir.

Bea. Shall I be taught how to aduance my torch, (an asse.

W.S. Whats the matter Leistenant. *2. Gen.* Your Lieftenants

Bea. How an asse; die men like dogs. *W.S.* hold gentlemen.

Bea. An asse, an asse. *Th.S.* Hold brother hold, Lieftenant.

Put vp as you are men, your wife is gone. (plot

W.S. Goe, *Bou.* Goe. *W.S.* How, which way? this is some

T.S. Downe toward Fleete bridge. *All.* Follow, follow for

1. Gen. So has the wench, let vs persue a loose, (low. *Exit.*

And see the euent, this will prooue good mirth,
When things vnshapde shall haue a perfit birth. *Exit.*

Enter W. Smalshanke, Boucher, Thom. Smalshanke, and Beard, their swords drawne.

W.S. Tis a thing vnpossible, they should be gon
Thus far and we not see them. *T.S.* Vpon my life,
They went in by the Grey-hound, and so strooke,

MERY-TRICKS.

Into Bride-well. *Bon.* What should she make there;

Th.S. Take water at the docke. *Bea.* Water at docke,

A fico for her Docke, youle not be ruld,

Youle still be obstinate, Ile pawne my fate,

She tooke a long shew-lane, and so went home,

W.S. Home. *Pea.* I home; how could she choose but go,

Seeing so many naked tooles at once,

Drawne in the streete? *T.S.* What scuruy lucke was this,

W.S. Come we will find her, or weele fire the Suburbs;

Put vp your tooles, letts first a long shew-lane,

Then straight vp Hoiborne, If we find her not,

Wele thence direct to *Throtes* if she be lost,

I am vndone and all your hopes are crost.

Exit.

Enter Sir Oliuer Smalesbanke, Iustice Tutchim,

Mistris Tafata, Adriana.

S.O. Widdow I must be short, *In.Tu.* *Sir Oliner,*

Will you shame your selfe, ha? You must be short,

Why what a word was that to tell a widdow?

S.O. I ment I must be breese. *In.Tu.* Why say so then,

Yet thats almost as ill; go to, speake on.

S.O. Widdow I must be breese, what old men doe,

They must doe quickly. *Taf.* Then good sir do it,

Widdowes are sildome slow to put men to it.

S.O. And old men know their *q's*, my loue you know,

Has bin protested long; and now I come,

To make my latest tender, an old growne oake

Can keepe you from the raine, and stands as faire,

And portly as the best. *Taf.* Yet search him well,

And we shall find no pithe or hearty Timber

To vnderlay a building, *In.Tu.* I would that oake,

Had beene a fire-forward good fir *Oliner,*

Your Oake is naught: sticke not too much to that.

Sir O. If you can like, you shall be Ladified,

Liue at the court, and soone be got with child,

What do you thinke we old men can do nothing? *(wels,*

In.Tu. This was somewhat like: *Sir O.* You shall haue Ie-

A Baboone, Parrat, and an Izeland Dog,

And I my selfe to beare you company,

Your ioynter is fise hundred pound by yeare,

Besides

MERRY-RICKS.

Besides your Plate, your Chaines and houshold stuffe,
When enuious fate shall change this mortall life.

Taf. But shall I not be ouer-cloyde with loue?

Will you nor to be too busie? shall I keepe

My chamber by the month, if I bee pleas'd

To take Physicke, to send for Visitants,

To haue my maide read *Amadis de Gaule*.

Or *Donzel del Phæbo* to me? shall I haue

A Carotch of the last edition,

The Coach-mans seate a good way from the Coach,

That if some other Ladies and my selfe

Chance to talke bawdy, he may not ouer-heare vs.

S.Ol. All this and more. *Taf.* Shall we haue two chambets?

And will you not presume vnto my bed,

Till I shall call you by my waiting maide.

S.Ol. Not I by heauen. *Taf.* And when I send her,

Will you not intice her to your lust,

Nor tumble her before you come to me.

Adr. Nay let him do his worst, make your match sure,

And feare not me, I neuer yet did feare,

Any thing my maister could doe to me.

Knock

Taf. What noise is that, goe see *Adriana*,

And bring me word: I am so haunted

With a swaggering Captaine, that sweares, God blesse vs,

Like a very *Tarmagant*, a Raskall knaue,

Enter.

That saies he will kill all men which seekes to wed me. *Adr.*

Adr. O Mistresse! Captaine *Puffe* halfe drunke, is now

Comming vp staires. *S.Ol.* O God haue you no roome,

Beyond this Chamber, has sworne to kill me,

And pisse in my very visnomy,

Taf. What are you afraid *Sir. Oliner*? *S.Ol.* Not afraid,

But of all men I loue not to meddle with a Drunkard:

Haue you any Rome backwards. *Taf.* None *Sir.*

In. Tu. Is there nere a Truncke or Cobbert for him,

Is there nere a hole backward to hide him in,

Cap. Pu. I must speake with her. *S.Ol.* O God a comes.

Adr. Creepe vnder my Mistris Farthingale Knight,

Thats the best and safest place in the Chamber.

ITu. I there, there that he will neuer mistrust.

MERRY-TRICKS.

Adr. Enter Knight, keepe close, gather your selfe
Round like a Hedg-hog, stir not what ere you heare,
See or smell Knight. God blesse vs, here a comes. *Ent. C. Pn.*
Ca, Pn. Blesse thee widdow and wife. *Taff.* Sir get you gon
Leaue my house or I will haue you coniu'r'd
With such a spell you neuer yet haue heard of,
Haue you no other place to vent your froth,
But in my house, is this the fittest place,
Your Captaineship can find to puffe in ha?

Ca Pn. How, am I not thy spoufe, didst thou not say,
These armes should clip thy naked body fast
Betwixt two linnen sheets, and be sole Lord,
Of all thy peuter worke, thy word is past.
And know, that man is pouder, dust, and earth,
That shall once dare to thinke thee for his wife.

Taff. How now you slaue, one call the Constable,

C Pn. No. Constable with all his Holbertieres,
Dare once aduance his head or peepe yp staires,
If I cry but keepe downe: haue I not liu'd,
And marcht on sieged walls,
In thunder, lightening, raine, and snow,
And eake in shotte of poudered balls,
Whose costly markes are yet to shew.

Taf. *Captaine Face*, for my last husbands sake,
With whom you were so familiarly acquainted,
I am content to winke at these rude trickes,
But hence, trouble me no more, if you doe,
I shall lay you fast, where you shall see,
No Sunne or Moone. *C Pn.* Nor yet the Northerne Pole,
A fico for the Sunne and Moone, let me liue in a hole,
So these two starres may shine. *Taff.* Sir get you gonne,
You swaggering cheating Turne-bull-streete roague.
Or I will hale you to the common-layle,
Where Lice shall eat you. *C Pn.* Go so, I shall spurne,
And slash your petty-coate. *Taf.* Runne to the counter,
Fetch me a red-bearded Sargeant, ile make
You Capraine thinke the Deuill of hell is come,
To fetch you, if he once fasten on you.

C Pn. Dambe thee and thy Sargeants, thou Mercers Punke.

Thus

MERRY-TRICKS.

Thus will I kick thee and thy Farthingales.

S. Ol. Hold Captaine. *C. Pu.* What do you cast your whelps,

What haue I found you fir? haue not I plac'd

My Sakers, Culuerings, Demi-culuerings,

My Cannons, Demi-cannons, Basilisks,

Vpon her breach, and do I not stand,

Ready with my Pike to make my entry,

And are you come to man her? *S. Ol.* Good Captaine hold,

C. Pu. Are not her Bulwarkes, Parapets, Trenches,

Scarfes, Counter-scarfes, Fortifications,

Curtaines, Shaddowes, Mines, Countermine,

Rampires, Forts, Ditches, Workes, Water-workes,

And is not her halfe-moone mine, and do you bring,

A rescue good man Knight. *Taff.* Call vp my men, *Enter 2.*

Where be these knaues, haue they no cares, or hearts, or 3. *with*

Beate hence this rascall, some other fetch a warrant, *clubs.*

He teach him know himselfe, *I. Tu.* Downe with the slaue,

S. Ol. Tis not your beard shall carry it, downe with the rogue

C. Pu. Not *Hercules* gainst twenty, *I. Tu.* A firra, *Ex. Face,*

I knew my hands no longer could forbear him,

Why did you not strike the Knaue, fir *Oliuer?*

S. Ol. Why so I did, *I. Tu.* But then it was to late,

S. Ol. What would you haue me do when I was downe,

And hee stood thundering with his weapon drawne.

Enter Adriana.

Ready to cut my throat. *Adr.* The roague is gone,

And her's one from the Lady *Somerfield,*

To intreat you come with all the speed you can,

To Saint *Iohns streete.* *I. Tu.* Which I will do. *Taf.* Gentlemen

I am sorry you should be thus disturbed

Within my house, but now all feare is past,

You are most welcome: supper ended,

He giue a gracious answer to your sure,

Meane while let nought dismay, or keepe you mute. *Exit.*

Enter Throte, Francis, and Dash.

Thr. Pay the Coach-man *Dash,* pay him well,

And thank him for his speed, Now *Vivat Rex,*

The knot is it which not the Law it selfe,

MERY-TRICKS.

With all his *Hydra* heads and strongest nerues,
Is able to disioyne : Now let him hang,
Prer out his guts, and sweare the starres from heauen,
A neuer shall enioy you, you shall be rich.
Your Lady mother this day came to towne
In your pursure : wee will but shift some ragges,
And straight go take her blessing. *Fra.* That must not be,
Furnish me with Iewels, and then my selfe,
Attended by your man and honest *Beard*,
Will thether first, and with my Lady mother
Craue a peace for you. *Thr.* I like that well,
Her anger some-what calm'd, I brisk and fine,
Some halfe houre after will present my selfe
As sonne in law vnto her, which she must needs
Accept with gracious lookes, *Fra.* I when shee knowes
Before by me, from what an eminent plague
Your wisdom has preferu'd me. *Thr.* I, that, that,
That will strike it dead : but heere comes *Beard*.

Enter Beard.

Bea. What are you sure, tide fast by heart and hand.

Thr. I now do call her wife, she now is mine,
Seald and deliuered by an honest Priest,
At *Saint Giles* in the field. *Bea.* God giue you ioy fir.

Thr. But where's mad *Smal-shanke*. *Bea.* O hard at hand,
And almost mad with losse of his faire bride,
Let not my louely Mistresse bee seene,
And see if you can draw him to compound
For all his tittle to her, I haue Sargiants
Ready to do the seare, when time shall serue.

Thr. Stand you aside deere loue, nay I wil firke
My silly nouice, as he was neuer firkt
Since Midwiues bound his noddle : heere they come.

Enter W. Smalsh. Th. Smalsh. and Boucher.

W.S. O Maister *Throte*, vnlesse you speake good newes,
My hopes are crost, and I vndone for euer.

Thr. I neuer thought you'd come to other end,
Your courses haue beene alwayes so prophane,
Extrauagant and base. *W.S.* Nay good fir heate ?
Did not my lone returne ? came she not hether ?

For

MERY-TRICKS.

For *Jones* loue speake. *Thr.* Sir will you get you gon.

And seeke your loue elsewhere, for know my house,

Is not to entertaine such customers,

As you and your comrades, *W.S.* Is the man mad,

Or drunke, why Maister *Throate* know you to whom

You talke so sawcily? *Thr.* VVhy vnto you,

And to your brother *Smallshankes*, will you be gon?

Bon. Nay good sir hold vs not in this suspence,

Answer directly came not the *Virgin* hether,

Thr. will you be gon directly? are you mad?

Come you to seeke a *Virgin* in *Ram-alley*:

So neere an *Inne* of *Court* and amongst *Cookes*,

Ale-men and *Landresses*? why are you fooles?

W.S. Sir leaue this *Strike* of law or by this light,

He giue your throate a slit, came she not hether,

Answer to that point, *Thr.* VVhat haue you lost her?

Come doe not gull your freinds, *W.S.* By heauen shees gon,

Vnles she be returnd since we last left you,

Thr. Nay then I cry you mercy she came not hether,

As I am an honest man, If possible.

A maid so lovely faire, so well demeaned,

Should be tooke from you? what from you three?

So young, so braue, and valiant Gentlemen.

Sure it cannot bee, *T. Sm.* Afore God tis true,

W. Sm. To our perpetuall shames tis now to true,

Thr. Is she not left behind you in the *Tauerne*,

Are you sure you brought her out? were you not drunke,

And so forgot her, *W. Sm.* A pox on all such lucke,

I will find her, or by this good light

He fire all the *City*, come lets goe,

VVho euer has her shall not long enjoy her,

He prooue a contract: lets walke the round,

He haue her if shee keepe aboute the ground,

Thr. Haha ha, a makes me sport ifaith,

The gull is mad, starke mad, *Dash* draw the bond,

And a release of all his interest

In this my loued wife, *Bea*, I be sure of that,

For I haue certaine goblins in buffe Ierkins,

Lye in ambuscado for him, *Off.* I arrest you sir,

Exit.

*Enter with the
Sargeants.*

W. Sm.

MERY-TRICKS.

W.S. Reskue, resku. *Th.* O he is caught. *W.S.* Ile giue you
Hang off honest catch-poles, *M. Throte*, good, wife, (baile
Learned and honest maister *Throte*, now, now,
Now or neuer helpe me. *Throt.* Whats the matter?

W.S. Here are two retainers, hangers on sir,
Which will consume more then ten liueries,
If by your meanes they be not strait shooke off,
I am arrested. *Thr.* Arrested? what's the summe?

W.S. But thirteene pound, due to *Beard* the Butler,
Do but baile me, and I will saue you harmelesse.

Thr. Why heer's the end of Ryot: I know the law,
If you be bailed by me, the debt is mine,
Which I will vndertake. *W.S.* Law there; Roagues,
Foote I know hee would not let me want
For thirteene pounds. *Thr.* Prouided, you seale a release,
Of all your claime to *Mistresse Somersfield*.

W.S. Sergeants do your kinde, hale me to the hole,
Seale a release, Sergeants come, to prison,
Seale a release for *Mistresse Somersfield*,
First I will stinck in layle, be eate with Lyce,
Indure an obiekt worse then the Deuill himselfe,
And that's ten Sergeants peeping through the grates
Vpon my lowlie linnen: come to layle:

Foote a release. *T.S.* Ther's no conscience in it.

Bon. 'Tis a demand vncharitable. *Thr.* Nay choose.

Fra. I can hold no longer, impudent man.

V.V.S. My wife, foote my wife, let me go Sergeants.

Fra. O thou perfidious man! darst thou presume
To call her wife, whom thou so much hast wrong'd?
VVhat conquest hast thou got, to wrong a maide,
A silly harmelesse maide? what glory ist
That thou hast thus deceiu'd a simple Virgin,
And brought her from her friends? what honor wast
For thee to make the Butler loose his office
And runne away with thee. Your tricks are knowne;
Didst thou not sweare thou shouldst be Baroniz'd?
And hadst both lands and fortunes? both which thou wantst.

W.S. Foote that's not my fault, I would haue lands
If I could get em. *Fra.* I know your trick,

And

MERRY-TRICKES.

And know I now am wife vnto this man.

Omn. How? *Thr.* I thanke her fir, she has now vouchsaf
To cast her selfe on me. *Fra.* Therefore subscribe.
Take some-what of him for a full release,
And pray to God to make you an honest man,
If not, I doe protest by earth and Heauen,
Although I starue, thou neuer shalt inioy me.

Bea. Her vow is past, nor will she breake her word,
Looke to it mitcher. *Fra.* I hope a will compound.

W.S. Foote shall I giue two thousand pound a yeare
For nothing. *T.S.* Brother come, be rul'd by me,
Better to take a little then loose all.

Bou. You see shee's resolute, y' had best compound.

W.S. Ile first be damn'd ere I will loose my right,
Vnlesse a giue me vp my forfit morgage,
And baile me of this action. *Fra.* Sir you may choose,
VVhat's the morgage worth? *VV.S.* Lets haue no whispering.

Thr. Some forty pounds a yeare. *Fra.* Doe it, doe it,
Come you shall do it, we will be rid of him,
At any rate. *Thr.* *Dash,* go fetch his morgage,
So that your friends be bound, you shall not claime
Title, right, possession, in part or whole,
In time to coine, in this my loued wife:
I will restore the morgage, pay this debt,
And set you free. *W.S.* They shall not. *Bou.* VVe will,
Come draw the bonds, and we will soone subscribe them.

Enter Dash.

Thr. They're ready drawne; here's his release,
Sergiants let him goe. *Dash.* Here's the morgage fir,

W.S. VVas euer man thus cheated of a wife:

Is this my morgage. *Thr.* The very same fir.

VV.S. Well I wil subscribe, God giue you ioy,
Although I haue but little cause to wish it,
My heart will scarce consent vnto my hand.
Tis done. *Thr.* You giue this as your deeds. *Omn.* We doe,

Thr. Certifie them *Dash.* *W.S.* What am I free.

Thr. You are, Sergiants I discharge you.
There's your fees. *Bea.* Not so, I must haue inony.

Thr. Ile passe my word, *Bea.* Foure words are wind,

MERY-TRICKS.

I say I must haue money. *Thr.* How much fir,

Bea. Three pounds in hand, and all the rest to morrow.

Thr. Ther's your summe, now officers begon,
Each take his way, I must to Saint *Iohns streete*,
And see my Lady-mother: shee's now in towne,
And we to her shall strait: resent our duties.

T.S. O *Ioue* shall we loose the wench thus, *W.S.* Euen thus,
Throte farewell, since 'tis thy luck to haue her,
I still shall pray, you long may liue together:

Now each to his affaires. *Thr.* Good night to all, *Ex.*

Deare wife step in, *Beard* and *Dash* come hether:

Heere take this money: goe borrow Jewels
Of the next Gold-smith: *Beard* take thou these bookes,

Goe both to the Broakers in Fetter lane,

Lay them in pawne for a Veluet Ierken

And a double Ruffe, tell him a shall haue

As much for loane to night, as I do giue

Vsually for a whole circuit, which done

You two shall man her to her mothers: goe, *Ex.*

My fate lookes big; me thinkes I see already,

Nineteene gold chaines, seuentee great beards, and ten

Reuerent bald heads, proclaime my way before me,

My Coatch shall now go prancing through Cheapside,

And not be forst to hurry through the streetes,

For feare of Sargeants: nor shall I need to trye,

Whether my wel-graft tumbling foot-cloth nag,

Be able to out-runne a wel-breath'd Catchpole,

I now in pompe will ride, for 'tis most fit,

Hee should haue state that riseth by his wit. *Ex.*

Actus 4. Scena. 1.

Sir Oliuer, Iustice Tutchim, Taffata, Adriana.

S.Ol. Good meate the belly fills, good wine the braine,

Women please men, men pleasure them againe,

Ka me, ka thee, one thing must rub another,

English loue Scots, Welshmen loue each other.

I.Th. You say very right *sir Oliuer*, very right,

I haue't in my noddle itaith, That's all the fault

MERRY-TRICKES.

Old Iustices haue, when they are at feasts,
They will bib hard, they will be fine Sun-burnt,
Sufficient, fox, to Columberd now and than,
Now could I sit in my chayre at home and nod,
A drunkard to the stocks, by vertue of
The last statute rarely. *Taf.* Sir you are merry.

I.Tu. I am indeed. *Taf.* Your supper sir was light,
But I hope you thinke you welcome. *I.Tu.* I doe,
A light supper quoth you, pray God it be,
Pray God I carry it cleanly, I am sure it lyes,
As heauy in my belly as moult lead,
Yet Ile goe see my Sister *Sommerfield.*

S.O. So late good Iustice. *I.Tu.* I euen so late.
Night is the mother of wit, as you may see,
By Poets or rather Constables
In their examinations at midnight,
Weele lye together without marrying,
Saue the Curats fees, and the parish a labour,
Tis a thriuing course. *S.O.* That may not be,
For excommunications then will flee.

I.Tu. Thats true, they flie indeed like wild-geese,
In flocks, one in the breech of another.
But the best is a small matter stayes them,
And so farewell. *S.O.* Farwell good Iustice *Tutchin,* *Exit.*
Alasse good Gentleman his braines are crased,
But let that passe: speake widdow ist a match,
Shall we clap it vp. *Adr.* Nay if't come to clapping,
Good night ifaith, Mistris looke before you,
There's nothing more dangerous to maide or widdow,
Then suddaine clappings vp, nothing has spoyld,
So many proper Ladies, as clappings vp:
Your shittle-cock, striding from tables to ground,
Oncly to try the strength of the backe,
Your riding a hunting, I though they fall,
With their heeles vpward, and lay as if
They were taking the height, of some high starre
With a crosse staffe: no nor your iumlings
In horsflitters, coatches or caroatches,
Haue spoild so many women as clappings vp.

MERRY-TRICKS.

S.O. Why then weele chop it vp. *Taf.* That's not slowd,
Vnlesse you were sonne to a welch Curate:
But faith sir Knight I haue a kind of Itching,
To be a Lady, that I can tell you woes,
And can perswade with better rethorick,
Then othes, wit, wealth, va'our, lands, or person,
I haue some debts at court, and marrying you,
I hope the Courtier will not stick to pay me.

Si. Ql. Neuer feare thy painment This I will say,
For Courtiers theyle be sure to pay each other,
How ere they deale with Cittizens. *Taf.* Then heres my hand,
I am your wife, condition we be ioynd,
Before to morrows sunne. *Sir O.* Nay euen to night
So you be pleas'd with little warning widdow,
We old men can be ready, and thou shalt see,
Before the time that chancicleere,
Shall call and tell the day is neete,
When wenches lying on their backs,
Receiue with ioy their loue-stolne smacks,
When maids awak't from their first sleepe,
Deceiu'd with dreames begin to weepe,
And thinke of dreames, such pleasures know,
What sport the substance them would show,
When Ladies gin white Lymmes to spred,
Her loue but new stolne to her bed,
His cotten showes yet scarce put off,
And dares not laugh, speake, sneeze, or cough,
When precise dames begin to thinke,
Why their grosse souring husbands stincke,
What pleasures twere then to inioy,
A nimble viccar, or a boy.
Before this time thou shalt behold,
Me quaffing out our brydall bole.

Adr. Then belike before the morning Sunne
You will be coupled. *Taf.* Yes faith *Aariana.*

Adr. VVell I will looke you shall haue a cleane smock,
Prouided that you pay the fee *Sir Oliuer,*
Since my Mistris sir will be a Lady,
He loofe no fees due to the waiting maide.

Sir

MERY-TRICKS.

S.Ol. VVhy is there a fee belonging to it.

Adr. A Knight and neuer heard of simock-pees,
I would I had the monopoly of them,
So there were no impost set vpon them:

Enter W. Smo

S.Ol. VVhom haue we heere? what my mad-headed sonne,
VVhat makes he here so late? say I am gone,
And I the whilest will step behind the hangings.

W.S. God blesse thee parcell of mans flesh. Tz. How fir.

W.S. Why parcell of mans flesh, art not a woman?
But widdow, where's the old stinkerd my father,
They say widdow you dance altogether
After his pipe. Taf. VVhat then. VV.S. Th'art a soole,
He assure thee there's no musick in it.

Taf. Can you play better?

VV.S. Better widdow?

Bloud dost thinke I haue not learnt my prick-song,
VVhat not the coult prick-song? one vp and another downe.
VVhy I haue't to a haire by this light,
I hope thou louest him not. Taf. He marry him fir.

VV.S. How marry him, foot art mad widdow,
VVoot marry an old crafed man,
VVith meager lookes, with visage wan,
VVith little legs and crinckled thighes,
VVith Chapfalne gummes and deepe sunke eyes,
VVhy a dog seazd on ten dayes by death
Stinkes not so loathsome as his breath,

Nor can a citty common Iaques,
VVhich all men's Breeches vndertakes,
Yeeld fasting stomakes such a saour,
As doth his breath, and vgly fauour, S.Ol. Rogue,

Adr. Thats all one fir, she meanes to be a Lady,

VV.S. Does she so, and thou must be her waiting woman.
Faith thou wilt make a fine dainty creature,
To sit at a chamber doore and looke fies
In my Ladies dog, while she is showing
Some slippery brite Courrier rare faces,
In a by-window: foot widdow,

Marry me a yong and compleate gallant,

Taf. How a compleat gallant? what a fellow.

MERRY-TRICKES

With a hat tuckt vp behind, and what we vse,
 About our hippes to keepe, our coats from dabling,
 He weares about his neck, a farthingale,
 A standing collar to keepe his neate band cleane,
 The whilst his shirt doth stinke and is more soule,
 Then an lūne of chancery table cloath:
 His breeches must be pleited as if he had
 Some thirty pockets, when one poore halspeny purse,
 Will carry all his treasure, his knees all points,
 As if his legges and hams were tied together,
 A fellow that has no inside, but prates
 By roate, as players and parrots vse to doe,
 And to define a compleat gallant right,
 A mercer form'd him, a Taylor makes him,
 And a player giues him spight,

W. Sm. Why so in my conscience to be a countesse
 Thou wouldst marry a hedg-hog. I must confesse,
 Tis stare to haue a coxe-combe kisse your hands,
 While yet the chamber-ly is scarce wipte off,
 To haue an vpright vsur march before you
 Bare headed in a Tustafata ierkin,
 Made of your o'd cast gowne, shewes passing well,
 But when you feele your husbands pulses, thats hell,
 Then you fly out and bid strait smockes farewell,

Taff. I hope fir what ere our husbands be,
 We may be honest. *W. Sm.* May be nay y'are
 Women and honesty are as neere allied
 As parsons liues are to their doctrines,
 One and the same, but widdow now be ruld,
 I hope the heauens will giue thee better grace,
 Then to accept the sather, and I yet liue,
 To be bestowed if you wed the stinkerd.

You shall find the tale of *Tantalus*
 To be noe fable widdow. *Si. Ol.* How I sweare,
 I can hold no longer, degenerate bastard;
 I heere disclaime thee, calheere thee, nay more,
 I dishinherit thee both of my loue,
 And liuing, get thee a gray cloake and hat
 And walke in Pauls among thy calheerd mates.

MERRY-TRICKS.

As melancholly as the best: *Taff.* Come not neere me,
I forbid thee my house: my out houses,
My Garden, Orchard, and my backside,
Thou shalt not harbor neere me: *Sir.* O, Nay to thy greife,
Know varlet I will be wed this morning,
Thou shalt not be there nor once be grac'd,
With a peece of Rosemary, Ile casheere thee,
Do not reply I will not stay to heere thee,

W. Sm. Now may I goe put me on a cleane shirt,
And hang my selfe: foot who would haue thought,
The Fox had earth'd so neere me; whats to be done,
What Miracle shall I now vndertake,
To winne respectiue grace with God and men?
What if I turn'd Courtier and liu'd honest?
Sure that would doe, I dare not walke the streets,
For I dwindle at a Sargeant in buffe,
Almost as much as a new Player does,
At a plague bill certefied forty,
Well I like this widdow, a lusty plumpe drab,
Has substance both in bretch and purse,
And pittie and sinne it were she should be wed
To a furd cloack and a night-cap. Ile haue her,
This widdow I will haue: her money
Shall pay my debts, and set me vp againe,
Tis heere, tis almost forg'd, which if it take,
The world shall praise my wit, admire my fate.

Exit,

Enter Beard, Dab, Francis, Sargeant, Drawers.

Bea. Sargeants beware be sure you not mistake,
For If you doe *Dab* she shall be quickly baild,
She shall *corpus cum causa* be remou'd,
Your action entered first below shall shrinke,
And you shall find sir Sargeant she has friends,
VVill sticke to her in the common place. *Sar.* Sir,
VVill you procure her bayle: *Bea.* She shall be baild,
Drawer bring vp some wine, vsc her well,
Her husband is a Gentleman of fort,

Sa. A Gentleman of fort, why what care I:
A woman of her fashion shall finde
More kindnesse at a lusty Sargeants hand

Then

MERRY-TRICKES

Then ten of your Gentlemen of sort.

Dash. Sir vie her well, shee's wife to Maister Throate:

Sar. He vie her sir as if she were my wife,

Would you haue any more. *Bea.* Drinke vpon that,

VVnill't we goe fetch her bayle: *Dash,* fellow *Dash.*

VVith all the speed thou hast runne for our Maister,

Make hast least he be gon before thou comest,

To Lady *Somerfields.* He fetch another,

She shal haue bayle. *Dash,* And a firking witte

Of false imprisonment, she shall besure

Of tweluepence damage, and five and twenty pound

For sutes in law: He goe fetch my Master.

Bea. And I another *Sar.* Drawer leaue the roome

Heere mistris a health: *Fra.* Let it com sweet Rogue.

Dra: I say you soe: then must I haue an eye,

These Sargeants feed on very good reuerfions,

On Capons, Teales, and sometimes on a wodcocke,

Hot from the shreiuers owne table, the knaues feed wel,

VVhich makes them horrid letchers. *Fr.* This health is pledgd

An honest Sargeant how does mailer Gripe, *The Drawer*

The keeper of the Counter. I doe protest, *stands aside.*

I found him alwaies fauorable to me,

A is an honest man, has often stood to me,

And beene my friend and set me goe a trust

For victuall when a has denied it knightes; but come

Lets pay and then be gon, th'arest you know

VVas bur a trick to get from nimble *Dash*

My husbands inan: *Sar.* True but I haue an action

At sute of Mistresse, Smel-smocke, your *quandam* Baude,

The summe is eight good pound, for six weekes board,

And five weekes loane for a red Tafaata gowne,

Bound with a siluer lace, *Fra* I do protest,

By all the honesty twixt thee and mee,

I got her in that gowne in six weekes space

Four pound and fourteene pence given by a Clarke

Of an Inne of Chancerie, that night I came,

Out of her house and does the filthy lade,

Send to me for money: but honest Sargeant,

Let me go and say thou didst not see me,

MERRY-RICKS.

He doe thee as great a pleasure shortly.

Sar. Shall we imbrace to night, *Fra.* Withall my heart.

Sar. Sit on my knee and kisse, *Enter Beard,*

Bea. What newes boy? why stand you Centinell?

Dra. Do but conceale your selfe, and we shall catch
My Sergeant napping. *Bea.* Shall maides be here deflowred,

Sar. Now kisse againe. *Dra.* Now, now. *Enter Cap. and*

Bea. Deflower vergins, rogue? auant ye slaue, *seeing the hurly*
Are maides fit subiects for a Sargeants mace. *burly, runs away.*

So now are we once more free: ther's for the wine. *Ex. Ser.*

Now to our Randeuow: three pounds in gold
These slops containe; wee le quaffe in Venice glasses,
And sweare some Lawyers are but silly Asses. *Exeunt.*

Enter Capitaine Face.

Cap. Is the coast cleare, are these cumbustions ceast,
And may we drinke Canary sack in peace?

Shall we haue no attendance here you rogues?

Where be these raskals that skip vp and downe,

Faster then Verginall iacks? drawers, *Dra.* Sir,

Cap. On whom waite you sir rogues? *Dra.* Faith, Capitaine,
I attend a conuenticle of Players.

Ca. How Players, what is there ere a Cuckold among them?

Dra. Ioue defend, else it stands with pollicie,

That one should be a notorious Cuckold.

If it be but for the better keeping,

The rest of his company together.

Cap. When did you see sir *Theophrastus Slop,*
The Citty Dog-maister? *Dra.* Not to day sir.

Cap. What haue you for my supper. *Dra.* Nothing ready
Vnlesse you please to stay th dressing Capitaine.

Cap. Zownes stay the dressing, you damned rogue,

What shall I waite vpon your greasie cooke,

And waite his leasure, go downe staires rogue,

Now all her other customers be seru'd,

Aske if your Mistresse haue a snip of Mutton

Yct left for me. *Dra.* Yes sir. *Cap.* And good-man roague,

See what good thing your Kitchin-maide has left

For me to worke vpon, my barrow-gurlings grumble

And would haue food: Say now the Vintners wife

MERRY-TRICKS.

Should bring me vp a Pheasant, Partridge, Quail,
 A pleasant banquet, and extreemly loue me,
 Desire me to eate, kisse, and protest,
 I should pay nothing for it, say she should drinke
 Her selfe three quarters drunke, to win my loue,
 Then giue me a chaine, worth some three score pounds,
 Say twere worth but forty, say but twenty,
 For Cittizens do sildome in their wooing,
 Giue about twenty pounds: say then 'tis twenty,
 He goe sell some fiftene pounds worth of the chaine,
 To buy some clothes, and shift my lowsie lianen,
 And weare the rest as a perpetuall fauour,
 About my arme in fashion of a Bracelet,
 Say then her husband should grow iealous,
 He make him drunke, and then He Cuckold him,
 But then a Vintners wife, some Rogues will say,
 Which sits at Barre for the receit of custome,
 That smels of chippings, and of broken fish,
 Is loue to Captaine Face, which to preuent,
 He neuer come but when her best sticht har,
 Her Bowgle gowne, and best wrought smock is on,
 Then does she neither smell of bread, of meate,
 Or drappings of the tap, it shall be so,

Enter Bomcher, W. Smallhanke, and Constantia.

Bon. Now leaue vs boy; blesse you Capraine Face,

Cap. He haue no Musick? *W.S.* Foot doost take vs for filders.

Cap. Then turne Straight, Drawer runne downe the staires,
 And thanke the Gods a gaue me that great patience

Not to strike you. *Bon.* Your patience sir is great,

For you dare sildome strike. Sirra they say,

You needs will wed the widdow *Taffata,*

Nolens volens. *Cap.* Doe not vrge my patience,

Awake not furie, new rakt vp in embers,

I giue you leaue to liue. *W.S.* Men say y' aue tricks,

Y are an admirable Ape, and you can doe

More seates then three Babounes, we must haue some,

Cap. My patience yet is great, I say be gone,

My tricks are dangerous. *Bon.* That's nothing,

I haue brought you furniture, come get vp

MERRY-TRICKS.

Vp vpon this table, do your scates,
 Or I will whip you to them, doe not I know
 You are a lowlie knaue. *Cap.* How? lowlie knaue,
 Are we not English bred? *Bon.* Yare a coward Roaguc,
 That dares not looke a Kitling in the face,
 If she but stare or mew. *Cap.* My patience yet is great
 Doe you bandie troopes, by Dis I will be Knight,
 Weare a blew coate on great Saint *Georges* day,
 And with my fellowes driue you all from *Paules*
 For this attempt. *Bon.* Will you yet get vp,
 I must lash you to it, *Cap.* By *Pluto*, Gentlemen,
 To doe you pleasure, and to make you sport,
 Ile do't. *W.S.* Come get vp then quick,
Bon. Ile dresse you sir. *Cap.* By *Ioue* 'tis not for feare,
 But for a loue I beare vnto these tricks,
 That I performe it, *Bon.* Hold vp your snout sir,
 Sir handsomly, by heauen, sir you must do it,
 Come boy, *W.S.* No by this good light, Ile play (tlemen?
 Him that goes with the motions. *Dra.* Wher's the *Cap.* Gen-
W.S. Stand back boy, and be a spectator, Gentlemen
 You shall see the strange nature of an out-landish beast,
 That ha's but two legs, bearded like a man,
 Nofd like a Goose, and tounge like a woman,
 Lately brought from the land of *Catita*,
 A beast of much vnderstanding, were it not giuen
 Too much to the loue of *Venery*: do I not do it well?
Bon. Admirably. *W.S.* Remember noble Captaine,
 You skip when I shall shake my whip. Now sir,
 What can you doe for the great *Turke*?
 What can you doe for the *Pope* of *Rome*?
 Harke, he stirreth not, he moueeth not, he waggeth not,
 What can you do for the towne of *Geneua* sirra?
He holds vp his hands instead of praying.
Con. Sure this *Baboune* is a great Puritane.
Bon. Is not this strange. *W.S.* Not a whit by this light,
Banks his horse and hee were taught both in a stable.
Dra. Orare. *Cap.* Zounes Ile first be damn'd, shall sport
 Bee laught at; by *Dis*, by *Pluto*, and great *Proserpine*,
 My fatal blade once drawne, falls but with death,

MERT-TRICKS.

Yet if youle let me goe, I vow by *Ioue*,
No widdow, maide, wife, punke, or Cockatrice,
Shall make me haunt your goasts. *Bon.* 'Twill not serue sir,
You must shew more. *Cap.* Ile first be hangd and damn'd.

W.S. Foote can a iumpe so well? *Bon.* Is a so quick?
I hope the slaue will haunt no more the widdow.

W.S. As for that take no care, for by this light
Sheele not haue thee. *Bon.* Not haue me? *W.S.* No not haue
By this hand, flesh, and bloud, she is resolu'd (thee,
To make my father a most fearefull Cuckold,
And he's resolu'd to saue his soule by her.

Bon. How by her? *W.S.* Thus, all old men which marry
Young wiues, shall questionlesse be sau'd,
For while th'are young, they keepe other mens wiues,
And when th'are old, they keepe wiues for other men,
And so by satisfaction procure saluation.

Why thou dejected taile of a Crab,
Does not the faire *Constantia Somerfield*
Doate on thy filthy face; and wilt thou wed
A wanton widdow? what canst thou see
To doate on her. *Bon.* Onely this, I loue her.

W.S. Doo't loue her, then take a purgation,
For loue Ile assure thee is a binder
Of all things vnder heauen, there's no fitter patrarells then a
Drunkard and a Louer: for a drunkard looses his fences, so
does your louer; your drunkard is quarrelsome, so is your
louer: your drunkard will sweare, lye, and speake great
words, so will your louer; your drunkard is most desirous of
his lutchery, and so is your louer: Well the night growes old,
farewell:

I am so much thy friend, that none shall bed thee,
While faire *Constantia* is resolu'd to wed thee. *Ex.*

Enter Thomas Smal-shanke and others.

T.S. Foote shall we let the wench goe thus,
My masters now show your selues Gentlemen,
And take away the Lawyers wife;
Foote though I haue no wit, yet I can
Loue a wench, and choose a wife,

Gen. Why sir, what should you doe with a wife, that are
held

MERRY-TRICKS.

held none of the wisest ? youle get none but fooles.

Th. S. How fooles, why may not I a foole get a wife child as well as wise men get fooles : all lyes but in the agillity of the woman : introth I thinke all fooles are got when their mothers a sleepe ; therefore Ile neuer lye with my wife but when she is broad-waking , stand to't honest friends , knocke downe the Lieftenant , and then hurry the wentch to Fleetstreet, there my father and I will this morning be married.

Enter Beard and Francis.

Gen. Stand close they come.

Bea. By *Ioue* the night growes darke and *Luna* lookes As if this houre some fifty cuckolds were making,
Then let vs trudge.

Gen. Downe with 'em, downe with them , away with her Maister *Smal-shankes* to Fleetstreet , goe, the Curate there stayes for you.

Bea. And stayes the Curat,
Whats here, knockt downe, and bloud of men let our,
Must men in darkenesse bleed, then *Erebus* looke big,
And *Boreas* blow the fire of all my rage,
Into his nose. Night thou art a whore,
Smal-shanke a rogue : and is my wench tooke from me,
Sure I am guld, this was no Coccatrice,
I neuer saw her before this day-light peept:
What dropst thou head, this surely is the heyre,
And mad will *Smal-shankes* lay in Ambuscado,
To get her now from me, *Beard*, Lieftenant *Beard*,
Thou art an asse, what a dull slaue was I,
That all this while smelt not her honesty.
Pate I doe not pittie thee : hadst thou braines,
Lieftenant *Beard* had got this wealthy heyre,
From all these rogues: bloud to be this ore-reachd,
In pate and wench : reuenge, reuenge come vp,
And with thy curled locks cling to my beard,
Smal-shankes I will betray thee: I now will trudge,
To Saint *Iohns* streete to informe the Lady *Sommerfield*
Where thou art : I will preuent the march.
Thou art to Fleetstreet gone, reuenge shall follow.
And my incensed wrath shall like great chunder,

MERY-TRICKS.

Disperſſe thy hopes and thy braue wife a ſunder.

Enter Lady Sommerfield, and Iuſtice Tutchin.

Tu. Say as I ſay widdow, the wench is gon,
But I know whether, ſolne ſhe is, well,
I know by whom, ſay as I ſay widdow,
I haue bin drinking hard, why ſay ſo too,
Old men they can be fine, with ſmall a doe.
The law is not offended, I had no punke,
Nor in an ale-houſe, haue I made me drunke.
The ſtatute is nor broke, I haue the ſkill,
To drinke by law, then ſay as I ſay ſtill.

La.S. To what extremes doth this licentious time,
Hurry, vnſtayed youth, nor Gods nor Lawes,
Whoſe pennall ſcourges are enough to ſaue
Euen damned ſiends, can in this looſer age
Conſine vnbounded youth, who durſt preſume,
To ſteale my youths delight, my ages hope,
Her fathers heyre, and the laſt noble ſtemme,
Of all her anceſtors: feare they or Gods or lawes;

I.Tu. I ſay as you ſay ſiſter, but for the lawes,
There are ſo many, that men do ſtand in awe,
Of none at all; take heed they ſteale not you.
Who woes a widdow with a faire full Moone
Shall ſurely ſpeed, beware of full Moones widdow,
Will *Smal-shankes* has your daughter, no word but mum,
My warrant you ſhall haue when time ſhall come.

La.S. Your warrant? *I.Tu.* I my warrant widdow,
My warrant can ſtretch far; no more but ſo,
Twill ſerue to ketch a knaue, or fetch a Doe.

Enter Seruingman.

Ser. Heres a gentleman much deſirous to ſee you madam.

La.S. What is a for a man.

Ser. Nothing for a man, but much for a beaſt,
I thinke him lunatique, for a demands,
What plate of his is ſtirring i^t the houſe,
A calls your men his Butlers, Cookes, and Steward,
Kiffes your woman, and makes exceeding much
Of your Coach-mans wife; *I.Tu.* Then he's a Gentleman,
for

MERY-TRICKS.

for tis a true note of a gentlemā, to make much of other mens wiues, bring him vp, a sirra, makes a much of your Coachmans wife, this geere will runne a wheelles then shortly, A man may make much more of another mans wife, then a can do of 's owne.

L. S. How much brother? *I. T. u.* A man may make with ease, A Punke, a Child, a Bastard, a Cuckold, of another mans wife all at a clap.

And that is much I thinke. *Seru.* Thats my Lady.

Enter Seruingman and Throte.

Thr. For that thou first hast brought me to her sight,
I here create thee Clarke a the Kitchin, no man shall beg it from thee.

Ser. Sure the fellowes mad.

L. S. What would you sir? I gesse your long profession,
By your scant suite: your habit seemes to turne
Your inside outward to me; y'are I thinke,
Some Turner of the law. *Thr.* Law is my living,
And on that ancient mould I weare this outside,
Suite vpon suite waits some, yet makes me thriue,
First law, then gold, then loue, and then we wiue.

I. T. A man of forme like me, but what's your businesse?

La. Be brieue good sir: what makes this bold intusion?

Thr. Intrude, I do not, for I know the lawe,
It is the rule that squares out all our actions,
Those actions bring in coyne, coyne gets me friends,
Your sonne in law hath law at 's fingers ends.

La. My sonne in law. *Th.* Madame your sonne in law,
Mother I come, (be glad I call you so)
To make a gentle breach into your fauour,
And win your approbation of my choice,
Your cherry-ripe sweet daughter (so renownd,
For beauty, vertue, and a wealthy dowre)
I haue espousd. *La.* How? you espouse my daughter?

Thr. *Nouerint vniuersi*, the lawes of heauen,
Of nature, church, and chance, haue made her mine,
Therefore deliuer her by these presents.

I. T. u. How's this? made her yours sir? *per quam reglam,*
Nay we are letter'd sir, as well as you,

Reddo

MERY-TRICKS.

Redderationem, per quam regulam,

Thr. Femini iudificanter utros

By that same rule these lippes haue taken seazon:
Tut I doe all by statute law and reason,

Ka. Hence you base knaue you petty-foggin g groome
Clad in ould ends and peeced with Brokery,
You wed my daughter? *I Tu.* You sir *Ambo-dexter*,
A Sumners sonne and learn't in Norfolke wiles,
Some common baile, or Counter Lawyer,
Marry my neece? your halfe sleeues shall not carry her,

Thr. These stormes will be dissolu'd in teares of ioy,
Mother I doubt it not: Iustice to you,
That ierke at my halfe sleeues, and yet your selfe,
Do neuer weare but Buckerom out of sight,
A Flannell wast-coat or a Canuas Trusse,
A shift of thrift, I vse it: lets be friends,
You know the law has trickes, kame, katherie,
Viaerit utilitas, the mot to these halfe armes,
Corpus cum causa needes no bumbasting,
We weare small hayre yet haue we tongue and wit,
Lawyers close-breecht haue bodies pollitick.

La. Speake, answer me sir Iack: stole you my daughter,

Thr. Short tale to make I fingered haue your daughter:
I haue tane liuery and seazon of the wench.

Deliuier her then, you know the Statute lawes,
Shee's mine without exception, barre or claufe:

Come, come, restore. *La.* The fellow's mad I thinke.

Thr. I was not mad before I married,

But, *ipso facto*, what the act may make me,
That know I not. *I, T* Fellows come in there. *Ent. 2. or 3. ser.*

By this sir you confesse you stole my Neece,

And I attach you heere of felony:

Lay hold on him: Ile make my *Mittimus*,

And send him to the Iayle: haue we no barre

Nor claufe to hamper you, away with him,

Those clawes shall claw you to a barre of shame,

Where thou shalt shew thy Goli, Ile barre your claime,

If I be *Iustice Tutchin*. *Thr.* Hands off you slaues,

Oh I fauour my Ierkin, though you teare my flesh,

MERRY-TRICKES.

I set more store by that : my *Audita*
Querela shall be heard, and with a *Certiorare*
 Ile fetch her from you with a pox. *Enter Beard.*

Bea. What's heere to do ? is all the world in armes ?
 More tumults, brawles, and insurrections,
 Is bloud the Theame whereon our time must treat.

Thr. Heer's *Beard* your Butler : a rescue *Beard* ; draw,

Bea. Draw ? not so : my Blad's as ominously drawne
 Vnto the death of nine or ten such groomes,
 As is a knife vnscath'd with th' hungty maw,
 Threatning the ruine of a chine of Beefe :
 But for the restless toile it tooke of late,
 My blade shall sleepe awhile. *Th.* Helpe. *Be.* Stop thy Throate,
 And heare me speake, whose bloody Characters,
 Will shew I haue beene scuffling : briefly thus,
 Thy wife, your daughter, and your louely Neece,
 Is hurri'd now to Fleet-street, the damn'd crew
 With glaues and clubs haue rapt her from these armes,
 Throate thou art bobd, although thou boughtst the hēyre,
 Yet hath the slaue made a re-entry.

I. Th. Sitra, what are you ? *Thr.* My Ladies Butler sir.

Bea. Not I by heauen. *Thr.* By this good light he swore it,
 And for your daughters loue he ran away.

Bea. By Ioue I guld thee Throate. *I. Th.* More knauery yet.
 Lay hands on him, pinion them both,
 And guard them hence towards Fleet-streete, come away.

Bea. Must we be led like theeuers, and piniond walke,
 Spent I my bloud for this ? is this my hyre ?
 Why then burne rage, set Beard and nose on fire.

In. Th. On, on I say, *Thr.* Iustice, the law shall firke you.

Actus Quinti. Scena I.

Enter William Smallhanke.

W. S. On this one houre depends my hopes and fortunes,
 Foote I must haue this widd ow : what should my Dad
 Make with a wife, that scarce can wipe his nose,
 Vnrusse his points, or hold a Chamber-pot
 Steddy till a pisses : The doores are fast,
 Tis now the midst of night ; yet shall this chaine,

OVER THE ROCKS.

Procure access and conference with the widow;
 What though I cheat my father, all men haue stones;
 Though in their severall kinds, all ends in this;
 So they get gold, they care not what it is;
 Begging the Court, vs beares the City out,
 Lawyers their payes; thus goes the world about;
 So that villanies haue but different shapes;
 The effects all one, and poore men are but Apes.
 To imitate their betters, this is the difference,
 All great mens sinnes must still be humored,
 And poore mens vices largely punished;
 The priuledge that great men haue in euill;
 Is that they go unpunished to the Diuell;
 Therefore he in this chaine I know will moue,
 Gold and rich stones, wins coyest ladies loue.

Adr. What would you sir, that you do knock so boldly.

W.S. I must come in to the widow. *Adr.* How come in?
 The widow has no entrance for such mates.

W.S. Dooft here sweet Chamber-maid, by heauen I come,
 With letters from my father, I haue brought her stones,
 Jewels and chalnes, which she must vse to morrow.

Adr. Wards say so, and will you
 Your father has cashiered you, nor will a trust you,
 Begon, least I doe with you hence. *W.S.* Dooft here,
 By this good night, my Father and I are friends;
 Take but this chaine for token, give her that I haue brought
 And tell her I haue other things for her;
 Which by my fathers will I am commanded
 To giue to her owne hands. *Adr.* Say you so,
 Intreat I thinke youle procure an honest man,
 Had you once got a beard: let me see the chaine,

W.S. Dooft thinke I ye. By this light *Adriana*
 I loue her with my soule, heere's letters
 And other Jewels sent her from my father,
 Is she a bed. *Adr.* By my virginity,
 Shee is vncas'd, and ready to slip in,
 Betwixt the sheetes, but I will beate her this,
 And tell her what you say. *W.S.* But make some haste,
 Why so will take care how a way, my maide,

MERRY TRICKES

Can shake a fellow vp that is casheerd;
And has no mony foote should she keepe the chaine,
And not come downe, I must turne cittizen,
Be bankrout, and craue the Kings protection,
But here she comes *Taf.* What would you sir with vs,
That on the suddaine, and so late you come.

W.S. I haue some secrets, to acquaint you with,
Please you to let the chamber-maide shake off,
And stand as Centinell. *Taf.* It shall not neede,
I hope I haue not brought her vp so ill,
But that she knowes how to containe your secrets,

As well as I her Mistresse: therefore on,
W.S. Is it not fit forsooth that I should on,
Before she leaue the roome. *Adr.* It is not indeede,
Therefore he waite in the with-drawing roome,
Vntill you call. *Taf.* Now sir, what's your will?

W.S. Deere widdow, pitty the state of a young,
Poore, yet proper Gentleman, by *Kenne* pap
Vpon my knees I de creepe vnto your lap,
For one small drop of fauour, and though this face,
Is not the finest face, yet it has beene praised
By Ladies of good iudgement in faces.

Taf. Are these your secrets? *W.S.* You shall haue secrets,
More pleasing may here sweet widdow,
Some wantons doe delight to see men creepe,
And on their knees to worshipping them. *Taf.* I am none of those,
Stand vp, I more desire a man should stand,
Then cringe and creepe, that meanes to winne my loue,
I say stand vp, and let me goe ye ad best.

W.S. For euer let me creepe vpon the ground,
Vntill you heare my suite. *Taf.* I doe not sir say so,
Would you be creeping in your fathers saddle,
Away you casheerd your brother, begone,
Do not I know the fashions of you all,
When a poore woman has laid open all
Her thought to you, then you grow proud and coy,
But when wife maides, dissemble and keepe close,
Then you poore spoken come creeeping on your bellies,
And with all oyled lookes, prostrate your selues.

MERRY-TRICKS.

Before our beauties sunne, where once but warme,
 Like hatefull snakes you strike vs with your stings,
 And then forsake vs, I know your tricks, begon.
 W. S. Foote Ile first be hang'd, nay if you go
 You shall leaue your smock behinde you widdow,
 Keepe close your womanish weapon, hold your tongue,
 Nor speake, cough, sneeze or stampe, for if you doe,
 By this good blade Ile cut your throte directly,
 Peace, stirre not, by Heauen Ile cut your throte
 If you but stirre; speake not, stand still, go to,
 Ile teach eoy widdowes a new way to woe.
 Come you shall kisse, why so, Ile stab by Heauen
 if you but stirre, now heere, first kisse againe,
 Why so, stirre not, Now come I to the point,
 My hopes are past, nor can my present state,
 Affoord a single halfe-penny, my father
 Hates me deadly; to beg, my birth forbids,
 To steale, the law, the hang man, and the Rope
 With one consent deny: to go a trust,
 The Citty common-councell has forbid it,
 Therefore my state is desperate, stirre not,
 And I by much will rather choose to hang,
 Then in a ditch or prison-hole to starue,
 Resolue, wed me, and take me to your bed;
 Or by my soule Ile strait cut off your head,
 Then kill my selfe, for I had rather dye,
 Then in a street liue poore and lowly:
 Doe not I know you cannot loue my father,
 A widdow that has knowne the *quid* of things,
 To doate vpon an old and crased man,
 That stinkes at both ends, worffe then an elder pype,
 Who when his bloud and spirit are at the height,
 Hath not a member to his palsie body.
 But is more limber then a Kings-head pudding
 Tooke from the pot halfe sod, do I not know this?
 Haue you not wealth enough, to setue vs both?
 And am not I a pritty handsome fellow,
 To doe your drudgery, come, come, resolue,
 For by my bloud, if you deny your bed,

MERRITRICKS.

Ile cut your throat, without equiubcation,
If you be pleased hold vp your finger, if not
By heauen Ile gar my whyniard through your weombe,
Ist a match. *Taf.* Here me but speake *W.S.* Youle prate to loud.

Taf. No. *W.S.* Not speake one word against my honest sute.

Ta. No by my worth. *W.S.* Kisse vpon that and speake.

Taf. I dare not wed: men say y'ate naught, youle cheate,
And you do keepe a whore. *W.S.* That is a lye,
Shee keeps her selfe and me, yet I protest,
Shees not dishonest. *Ta.* How could she then maintaine you,

W.S. Why by her conummings in, a little thing,
Her friends haue left her, which with putting to best vse,
And often turning, yeelds her a poore liuing,
But what of that; shees now shooke off, to thee
Ile onely cleaue, Ile be thy marchant,
And to this wealthy faire, Ile bring my ware,
And here set vp my standing; therefore resolute,
Nought but my sword is left, ist be a match,
Clap hands, contract and strait to bed,
If not, pray, forgiue and straight goes off your head.

Ta. I take thy loue. *W.S.* Then strait lets both to bed.

Ta. Ile wed to morrow. *W.S.* You shall not sleepe vpon't.
An honest contract is as good as marriage.
A bird in hand you know the prouerbe widdow.

Taf. To let me tell thee, Ile loue thee while I liue,
For this attempt, giue me that lusty lad,
That winnes his widdow with his well drawne blade,
And not with oaths and words: a widdows wooing,
Not in bare words, but should consist in dooing,
I take thee to my husband, *W.S.* I thee to wife,
Now to thy bed, and there weele end this strife.

Enter Sir Oliner and Fiddlers.

S.O. Warne bloud, the yong mans slaue, the old mans God,
Makes me so stirre thus soone, it stirs is faith,
And with a kinde of itching pricks me on,
To bid my bride *downe Iour*, O this desire,
Is euen another filcht *Promethian* fire,
By which we old men liue, performance then,
I thats poore old mens baine, that in old men

MERRY-TRICKES

Comes limping off more lame God knowes then hee,
 Which in a close, a hot and dangerous fight,
 Has bin dismembred, and craues by letter patents:
 Yet scarce a woman that considers this,
 Women haue tricks, fikes, and fardling gales,
 A generation are they full of subtilty,
 And all most honest where they want the meanes
 To be otherwise. Therefore Ile haue an eye,
 My widdow goes not oft to visit kinsfolkes:
 By birth she is a Ninny, and that I know,
 Is not in London held the smallest kindred,
 I must haue wits and braines, come on my friends,
 Out with your tooles, and too, a strane of mirth,
 And a pleasant song to wake the widdow.

Enter W.S. alone in his shirt.

W.S. Musitions, minstrels, foote rogues,
 For Gods loue leaue your filthy squeaking noyle
 And get you gone, the widdow and my selfe,
 Will scamble out the shaking of the sheets
 Without your musick, we haue no need of fiddlers
 To our dancing, foote haue you no manners,
 Cannot a man take his naturall rest
 For your scraping, I shall wash your gut-strings,
 If you but stay a while: yet honest rascalls,
 If youle let vs haue the tother crash,

The widdow and Ile keepe time, there, for your paines.

S.O. Hows this? will the widdow and you keepe time,

What trick? what quiddit? what segare is this?

My cashierd Sonne speake from the widdowes chamber,

And in his shirt ha, sure she is not there,

Tis so she has tooke him in for pittie,

And now remooues her chamber I will home,

On with my nearest robes, perfume my beard,

Bate cloues, Eringors, and drinke some Aquauita

To sweeten breath, and keepe my weame from wambling

Then like the month of March, come blustering in

Marry the widdow, shake vp this springall,

And then as quick as a sucking lambe,

Close by the widdow will I rest all night,

MERRY-TRICKS.

As for my breath I haue crotchets and deuises,
Ladies ranke breaths are often healept with spices.

Enter Adriana, and another strawing heabes.

Adr. Come straw a pace, Lord shall I neuer liue,
To walke to Church on flowers. O tis fine,
To see a bride trip it to Church so lightly,
As if her new choppines would scorne to bruze
A silly flower? and now I prethee tell me,
What flower thinkest thou is likest to a woman?

Vi. A marygold I thinke. *Adr.* Why a marygold?

Vi. Because a little heate makes it to spread,
And opens wide his leaues. *Adr.* Th'art quite wide,
A marygold doth open wide all day,
And shuts most close at night; I hope thou knowst,
All wenches doe the contrary: but sirra,
How does thy Vncle the old Doctor,
Dooest thou like heele be a Bishop? *Vi.* O questionlesse,

For has got him a young wife, and carried her,
To Court already: but now I prethee say,
Why will the widdow wed so old a knight,

Adri. Why for his riches. *Vi.* For riches onely,
Why riches cannot giue her her delight.

Adr. Ritches I hope can soone procure her one,
Shall giue her her delight, char's the Diuell,

Thats it is faith makes vs waiting gentlewomen

Liue maides so long. *Vi.* Thinke you so? *Adr.* Yes in faith.

Married women quite haue spoiled the market,

By hauing secret friends besides their husbands,

For if these married wiues would be content

To haue but one a pece, I thinke in troth,

There would be doblings enough for vs all,

And till we get an act of parliament;

For that our states are desperate.

Enter Boucher and Const.

Come straw apace. *Con.* So ho ho, Maister. *Bou.* Boy,

Con. Introth I thought y'ad bene more fast a sleepe.

Then a midwife, or a Ruricke Toyler,

At a sonday euening, hee starts but sir

Why do you rise so soone? *Bou.* To see the widdow.

MERRY-TRICKES

Con. The weaker you, you are forbid a widdow,
And 'tis the first thing you will fall into.
Me thinkes a yong cleere skind country Gentlewoman,
That neuer saw Babounes, Lyons, or Courtiers,
Might prooue a handsome wife, or what do you say
To a Cittizens daughter, that neuer was in loue
With a Player, that neuer learnt to dance,
That neuer dwelt neere any Inne a Court,
Might not she in time prooue an honest wife?
Faith take a maide, and leaue the widdow, Maister
Of all meates I loue not a gaping Oyster, (mistake,

Bon. God speed your workes faire maides. *Adr.* You much
Tis no worke. *Bon.* What then. *Adr.* A preparation
To a worke sir. *Bon.* What worke sweet Ladies?

Adr. Why to a mariage? thats a worke I thinke.

Bon. How? a preparation to a mariage,
Of whom kind maids, of whom? *Adr.* And why kind maides?
I hope you haue had no kindnesse at our hand
To make you say so: but sir vnderstand,
That Sir *Oliver Smale-shanke*; the noble Knight,
And mistresse *Tafata* the rich widdow,
Must this day be coupled, conioyned,
Married, espoused, wedded, contracted,
Or as the Puritaine sayes, put together,
And so sir, to the shifting of our cleane smocks,
Wee leaue you. *Bon.* Married, and to day,
Diffention, ieaiousie, hate, beggery,
With all the dire euent which breed dislike
In nuptiall beds, attend her brideall steps,
Can vowes and othes, with such protecting action,
As if their hearts were spit forth with their words,
As if their soules were darted through their eyes,
Be of no more validity with women?
Haue I for her contem'd my fixed fate,
Neglected my faire hopes, and scorn'd the loue
Of beautilous, vertuous, and honor'd *Constantia*.

Con. Now workes it with my wish: my hopes are full.

Bon. And I ingag'd my worth, and ventur'd life
On yonder buffolne face, to haue men scorne,

And

MERRY-RICKS.

And point at my disgrace : first will I leaue to liue :
 These take my purse, liue thou to better fate, *Bench. hangs*
 Better thus dye, then liue vntfortunate. *himselfe.*

Con. Aye me accurst : helpe, helpe, murther, murther,
 Cusst be the day and houre that gaue me breath,
 Murther, murther : if any Gentleman
 Can heare my plaints, come forth and assist me.

W.S. What out-cries call me from my naked bed,
 Who calls *Ieronimo*, speake here I am.

Con. Good sir leaue your struggling and aching,
 And helpe to saue the life of a distressed man,
 C helpe if you be Gentlemen. *W.S.* Whats here?
 A man hangd vp, and all the murtherers gone?
 And at my doore, to lay the guilt on me.

This place was made to pleasure Cittizens wines, *Enter*
 And not to hang vp honest Gentlemen. *Tafala.*

Taf. Where be these lazie knaues ? some raise the house,
 What meant the cry of murther ? where's my loue ?

W.S. Come *Isabella*, helpe me to lament,
 For sighes are stopt, and all my reares are spent.
 These clothes I oft haue seene, aye me my friends
 Pursue the murtherers, raise all the street.

Con. It shall not need, a firres, giue him breath.

W.S. Is there yet life, *Horatio* my deere boy,
Horatio ! Horatio, what hast thou mis-done,
 To lose thy life, when life was new begun ?

Bou. Zeart a man had as good be hangd outright,
 As to indure this clapping : shame to thy sex,
 Perfidious periur'd woman, where's thy shame ?
 How can thy modesty forbear to blush,
 And knowst I know thee an adulteresse ?
 Hast not thy vowes made thee my lawfull wife
 Before the face of heauen ? where is thy shame ?
 But why speake I of shame to thee, whose face
 Is steel'd with custom'd sinne, whose thoughts want grace :
 The custome of thy sinne so huts thy sence :
 Women nere blush, though nere so soule th' offence,
 To breake thy vow to me, and straight to wed,
 Adoring stinkers. *V.V.S.* But hold your tongue.

MERRY-TRICKES

Or by this light Ile trusse you vp againe;
Zeart raile on my wife, am I a stinkerd,
Or do I dore? speake such another word,
And vp you trusse againe, am I a stinkerd?

Boo. The knight your father is. *W.S.* Why who denies it?
He supplants thee, and I supplanted him:
Come, come, you shall be friends, come forgiue her:
For by this light there is no remedy,
Vlesse you will betake you to my leauings.

Con. Rather then so, Ile helpe you to a wife:
Rich, well borne, and by some accounted faire,
And for the worth of her Virginitie,
I dare presume to pawne my honesty:
What say you to *Constantia Somerfield*?

W.S. Do'st know where she is boy? *Con.* I do, say more,
If he but sweare to imbrace her constant loue,
Ile fetch her to this place. *W.S.* A shall do it boy,

Enter Sir Oliuer and Fidler.

A shall do it, goe fetch her boy, soote my father,
Stand too't now old wench, stand too't now.

S.Ol. Now, fresh and youthfull as the month of May,
Ile bid my Bride good morrow, Musitions on,
Lightly, lightly, and by my knighthood spurres,
This yeare you shall haue my protection,
And yet not buy your liuery, coates your seluest,
God morrow Bride, fresh, fresh, as the month of May,
I come to kisse thee on thy wedding day.

W.S. Sauing your tale sir, Ile shew you how,
Aprill showers spring May flowers,
So merrily sings the Cucko:
The truth is, I haue laide my knife aboard,
The widdow sir is wedded. *S.Ol.* Ha. *W.S.* Bedded. *S.Ol.* ha.

W.S. Why my good father what should you do with a wife
Would you be crested? will you needs thrust your head
In one of Vulcans Helmets? will you perforce
Weare a Citty cappe and a Court feather?

S.O. Villaine, slave, thou hast wrong'd my wife. *W.S.* no't so,
Speake my good wench, haue I not done thee right,
Taf. I find no fault, and I protect *Sir Oliuer*.

MERRY-TRICKES.

I'd not haue lost the last two hours sleepe,
I had by him, for all the wealth you haue.

S.Ol. Villaine slaue, Ile hang thee by the statute,

Thou hast two wiues. *W.S.* Be not so furious sir.

I haue but this, the other was my whore,

Which now is married to an honest Lawyer.

S.Ol. Thou villaine slaue thou hast abus'd thy father.

Bon. Your sonne is faith, your very sonne is faith,

The villaine boy has one tricke of his sire,

Has first away the wench, has pierst the hog's head,

And knowes by this the vintadge. *S.Ol.* I am vndone.

Bon. You could not loue the widdow but her wealth,

S.Ol. The deuill take my soule but I did loue her.

Taf. That oath doth shew you are a Northen Knight,

And of all men a liue, Ile neuer trust,

A Northen man in loue. *S.Ol.* And why? and why flut.

Taf. Because the first word he speakes is the Diuell

Take his soule, and who will giue him trust;

That once has giuen his soule vnto the Diuell,

W.S. She sayes most true father, the soule once gon,

The best part of a man is gone. *Taf.* And is faith.

If the best part of a man is gone,

The rest of the body is not worth a rush,

Though it be nere so handsome.

Enter La. Somerfield, Throte and Beard bound, and In. Tutch.

La.S. Bring them a way. *W.S.* How now?

My Lawyer is iudg'd, I begin to stinke

Already. *L.S.* Cheater my daughter. *W.S.* Shee's mad.

Thr. My wife sir, my wife. *W.S.* They're mad, starke mad,

I am sorry sir you haue lost those happy wits

By which you liu'd so well. The ayre growes cold,

Therefore Ile take my leaue. *La, So.* So Stay him officers,

Sir 'tis not your trickes of wit can carry it.

Officers attach him, and this Gentleman,

For stealing away my heire. *W.S.* You do me wrong,

Zart I neuer saw your heire. *Thr.* That's a lye,

You stole her, and by chance I married her.

W.S. God giue you ioy sir. *Thr.* Aske the Butler else,

Therefore widdow releast me, for by no law,

MERT-TRICKS.

Statute or booke case, of *Vicesimo*
Edwardi Sequen'ti not by the Statute
 Of *Tricesimo Henrici sexti*,
 Nor by any booke case of *decimo*
 Of the late Queene, am I accessarie,
 Part, or party confederate, abetter,
 Helper, seconder, perswader, forwarder,
 Principall or maintainer of this late theft:
 But by law, I forward, and shee willing,
 Clapt vp the match, and by a good Statute
 Of *Decimo tertio Richardi quarti*,
 She is my leeffull, lawfull, and my true
 Married wife, *teste Lieftenant Beard*.

W.S. Who liues, would thinke that you could prate so fast,
 Your hands being bound behind you, foote a talkes
 With as much ease as if a were in's shirt.

S.Ol. I am witnesse thou hadst the heire. *I.Tu.* So am I.

Thr. And so is my man *Dosh Bon.* Heere me but speake,
 Sit you as Iudges, vnder the Lawyers hands,
 That a may freely act, and Ile be bound
 That *William Smalshankes* shall put your Throate to silence,
 And ouer-throw him at his owne weapon.

In.Tu. Agreed, take each his place, and heere the case
 Argued betwixt them two. *Om.* Agreed, agreed.

I.Tu. Now Throte or neuer, stretch your selfe, *Thr.* Feare not

W.S. Here stand I for my client, this Gentleman.

Thr. I for the widdow. *W.S.* Begin. *Thr.* Right worshipfull
 I say that *William Smal-shanke* mad-man,
 Is by a Statute made in *Octauo*
 Of *Richard Cordelion*, guilty to the law
 Of felony, for steal ng this Ladies heire,
 That a stole her, the proofe is most pregnant,
 He brought her to my house, confest himselfe,
 A made great meanes to steale her, I likt her.
 (And finding him a nouice) truth to tell,
 Married her my selfe, and as I said,
 By a Statute *Richardi Quarti*,
 Shee is my lawfull wife. *W.S.* For my client,
 I say the wench brought vnto your house,

MERY-TRICKS.

Was not the daughter to rich *Somerfield*?

S.O. What proofe of that? *W.S.* This gentleman, *Th.* Tut true
Hee is a party in the cause, but fir,

If twere not the daughter to this good widdow,
Who was it? answer that, *W.S.* An arrant whore
VVhich you haue married, and she is runne
Away with all your lewels, this is true:
And this Lieutenant *Beard* can testifie,
Twas the wench I kept in Hosier-lane.

Bea. VVhat was it thee? *W.S.* The very same.

I.Th. Speake firra *Beard*, if all he sayes be true.

Bea. Shee said she was a Punke, a Rampant whore,
VVhich in her time had beene the cause of parting
Some foureteene bawdes; he kept her in the Suburbs,
Yet I do thinke this wench was not the same.

Bon. The case is cleere with me, *Om.* O strange. *Th.* Sir, fir,
This is not true, how liu'd you in the Suburbs,
And scapt so many searches? *VV.S.* I answer,
That most Constables in our-parishes
Are bawdes themselves; by which we scapt the searches.

S.O. This is most strange. *La.S.* What's become of this wo-

Bea. That know not I. As I was squiring her (mean
Along the streete, Maister *Smal-shanke* set vpon me,
Beate me downe, and tooke away the maide,
Which I suppose was daughter to the widdow.

W.S. A lyes, let me be hangd if a lye not.

S.O. What confusion is this. *Con.* Bring them forward,
God preferue your worship. And it like you Maddam,
We were commanded by our deputy,
That if we tooke a woman in the watch,
To bring her straight to you, And hearing there
You were come hether, hether we brought them.

S.O. The one is my sonne, I doe acknowledge him,
VVhat woman's that. *T.S.* The widdowes daughter fir.

W.S. Bloud is he guld to. *T.S.* My brother stole her first,
Throte coozend him, and I had coozned *Throte*,
Had not the Constable tooke vs in the watch,
Shee is the widdowes daughter, had I had luck.

Thr. And my espoused wife. *La.S.* Vnmaske her face,

MERRY-TRICKS.

My daughter I desire her. W.S. Your worships wife;

Thr. I am guld and abus'd, and by a Statute
Of *Tricessimo* of the late *Quene*,

I will Star-chamber you all for coofonage,
And be by law diuorst. W.S. Sir twill not hold,
Shee's your leeffull, lawfull, and true wedded wife,
Tesse Lieftenant Beard. *Bea.* Wast you that brake my head?

W.S. But why shouldst thinke much to dye a Cuckold,
Being borne a Knaue: as good Lawyers as you
Scorne not hornes. *Thr.* I am guld, aye me accurst!
Why should the harmlesse man be vext with hornes,

When women most deserue them? W.S. Ile shew you sir,
The husband is the wiues head, and I pray

Where should the hornes stand but vpon the head:

Why wert not thou begot (thou foolish knaue)

By a poore Sumner, on a Sergiants widdow?

Wert not thou a Puritane, and put in trust
To gather releefe for the distressed *Genena*,
And didst not thou leaue thy poore bretheren,

And runne away with all the money, speake,

Was not that thy first rising? go,

Y're well coupled by *Ione* yee are, she is
But a yonger sister, newly come to towne,
Shee's currant mettle, not a penny the worse
For a little vse, whole within the Ring,

By my soule. *Bea.* Will a take her thinkst thou?

Bea. Yes faith, vpon her promise of amend.nent.

I. Tut. The Lawyer is guld.

Thr. Am I thus ouer-reach'd, to haue a wife,
And not of the best neither? *Fra.* Good sir be content,
A Lawyer should make all things right and straight,
All lyes but in the handling, I may prooue
A wife that shall deserue your best of loue.

S. Ol. Take her *Throte*, you haue a better iewell now
Then euer, kisse her, kisse her man, all friends.

L. Sa. Yet in this happy close, I still haue lost
My onely daughter. W.S. Wher's thy Page *Boutcher*?

Con. Here I present the Page: and that all doubts,
May heere be cleerd, heere in my proper shape,

That

MERRY-TRICKS.

That all your ioyes may bee compleat and full,
I must make one, with pardon gentle mother,
Since all our friends so happily are met,
Here will I choose a husband: this be the man,
Whom since I left your house in shape of Page,
I still haue followed. W.S. Foot would I had knowne so much,
I would haue beene bold to haue laine with your page.

Con. Say am I welcome. Bon. As is my life and soule,

La.S. Heauen giue you ioy,

Since all so well succeeds, take my consent.

W.S. Then are we all pair'd, I and my lasse,
You and your wife; the lawyer and his wench,
And father fall you aborde of the widdow,
But then my brother. T.S. Faith I am a foole.

W.S. Thats all one; If God had not made
Some elder-brothers fooles, how should witty
Yonger brothers be maintain'd,
Strike vp Musick, lets haue an old song,
Since all my tricks haue found so good successe,
VVeele sing, dance, dice, and drinke downe heauinesse.

FINIS.

21/14

Epilogus.

THus two houres have brought to end,
What many tedious houres have pend,
A dares not glory nor distrust,
But he (as other writers must)
Submits the censures of his paines,
To those whose wit and nimble braines,
Are able best to iudge: and as for some,
Who fill'd with malice, hither come
To belch their poyson on his labour,
Of them he doth intreat no fauour,
But bids them hang, or soone amend,
For worth shall still it selfe defend,
And for our selues wee doe desire,
Toyle breath on vs that growing fire,
By which in time wee may obtaine,
Like fauours which some others gaine:
For bee assur'd our loues shall send,
To equall theirs, if not transcend.

FINIS.

Thomas King

